VOL. CXXXV. No. 1765a

With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "THE GRAPHIC"

The SPHERE

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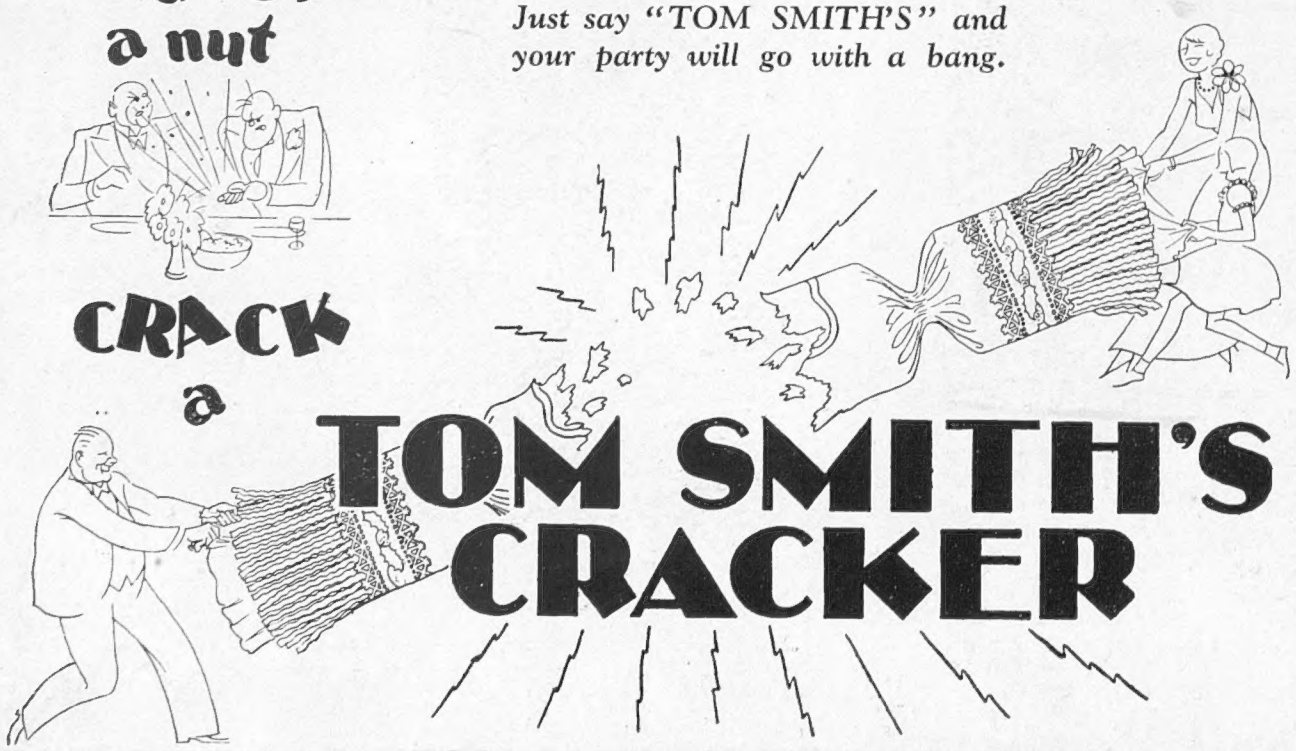

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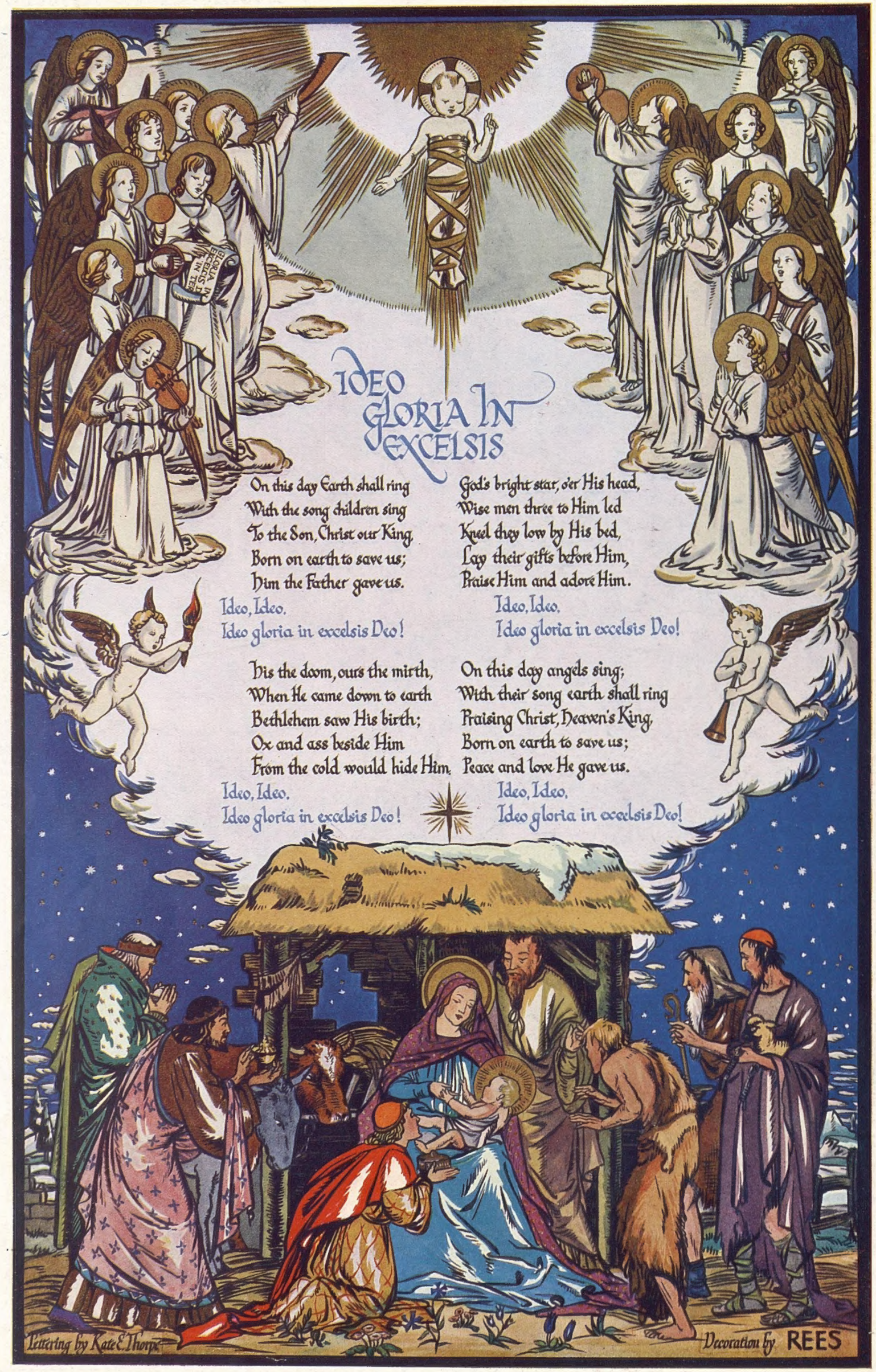
The SPHERE

A CHRISTMASTIDE MORNING

Drawn by Van Jones



VERSES FROM AN OLD SWEDISH CAROL

DECORATION BY GLADYS REES

Our Ancestors:

posing for the
family group
in Good Victoria's days

From the painting by Helen Mackenzie exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1933

TYPES of a Posie of Engli

THE PINK DRESS

A portrait of Mrs. L. R. Norris, by Frank O. Salisbury.

The felicities of design in art, or in works of Nature, are shadows or forerunners of hat beauty which reaches its perfection in the human form. All men are its lovers. Wherever it goes, it creates joy and hilarity, and everything is permitted to it. It reaches its height in woman. "To Eve," say the Mahometans, "God gave two-thirds of all beauty." A beautiful woman is a practical poet, taming her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all whom she approaches.

EMERSON.

AT THE CHAIR

A portrait of Miss Barbara Gibson, by W. G. de Glehn, R.A. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

Emerson's Essay on Beauty remains one of the most admirable on this fascinating subject. He recalls some famous beauties—how, for instance, the Gunnings, of whom Elizabeth married the Duke of Hamilton, and Maria the Earl of Coventry, roused such extraordinary enthusiasm. Walpole says, "The concourse was so great when the Duchess of Hamilton was presented at Court, on Friday, that even the noble crowd in the drawing-room clambered on chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatres, when it is known that they will be there." "Such crowds," he adds elsewhere, "flock to see the Duchess of Hamilton, that seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise next morning."

FLOWERS

A portrait study, by Archibald Barnes.

TODAY:
sh Portraits

* * *

SONNET XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart ;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies ;
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done :
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

SHAKESPEARE.

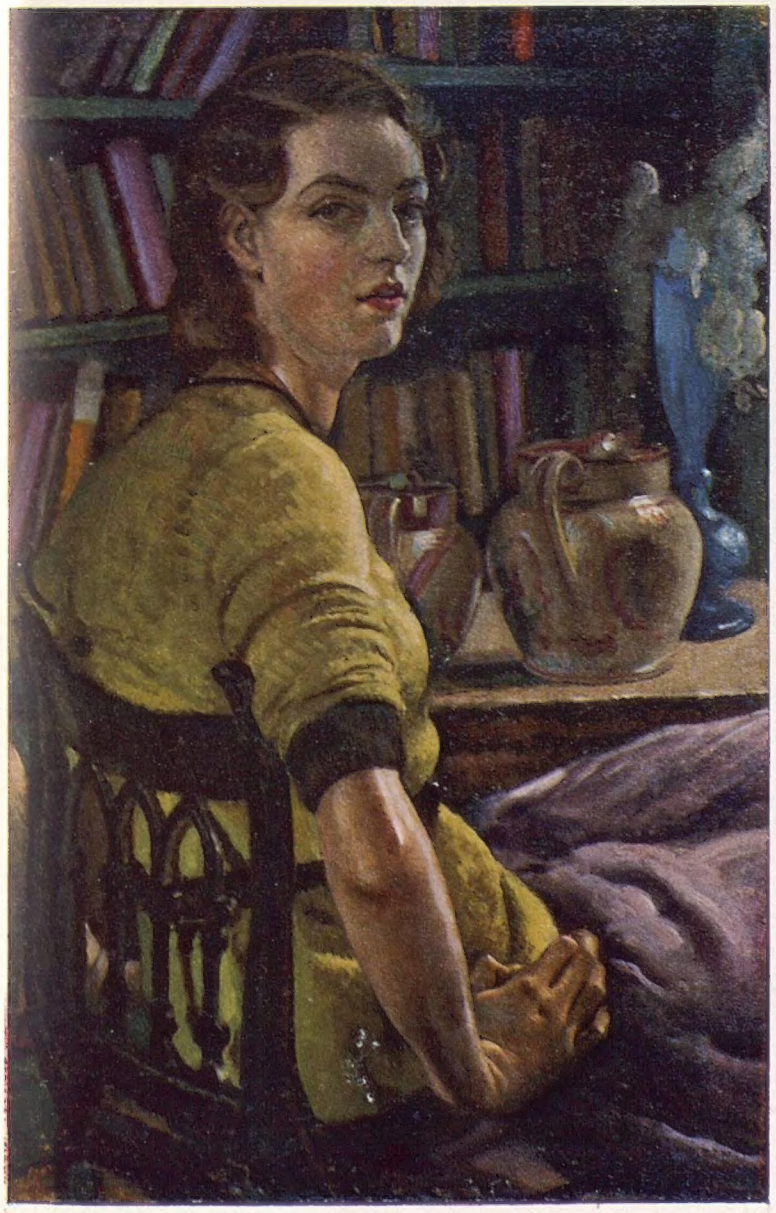
SONNET CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old.
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred ;
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

SHAKESPEARE

AMITY

A portrait group, by B. Fleetwood Walker. Exhibited at the Royal Academy.



IN THE LIBRARY

By Cathleen Mann (Marchioness of Queensberry).

BLUE EYES

A portrait study, by A. Egerton Cooper.

Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs.

SHAKESPEARE,
Merchant of Venice, iii, 2.

GOSSIP
Through the Ages

By PATRICK BALFOUR

Illustrated by Hookway Cowles.

Nero gave rise to more gossip than all the other Roman Emperors put together. The ceilings of his palace were made to revolve and scatter flowers on his guests. Sweet oil was sprinkled from above.

FOR some reason which I have never been able to fathom the gossip-writer, more even than the gangster, the motor-bandit or the blackmailer, is persistently regarded as a distressing product peculiar to this modern age. What bunkum all this is ! About the most respectable thing that a man can do, according to English standards, is to die. Most of English history and literature is gossip ; but, belonging as it does to the past, it is mysteriously sanctified. The British Museum contains millions of reams of gossip by and about people who are dead, and no word of contumely is spoken against their authors. They are held to be part of our English heritage, of whom we should be proud. Our heritage of gossip ! If you read them you are held to be a serious reader, even a highbrow. If, on the other hand, you read with equal avidity the daily comments in the newspapers of those who are alive about those who are alive, you are held to be guilty of a low and disreputable practice. " How people can read such dreadful stuff," says Mrs. Grundy, on completing her scrutiny of Mr. Chatterbox's column, " is beyond me. What are things coming to ? The world is not what it was."

Gossip is not what it was. That is perhaps the truth. To-day there is no gossip worthy of the name. Gossip is dead, killed by the law of libel. Besides, there is nothing to gossip about. Courts, if we may except certain goings-on in Rumania, are highly respectable. Members of the peerage are no longer beheaded in public. The most that happens is that they are occasionally conducted in a state of mild hilarity to Vine Street. Cabinet Ministers are rarely forced to flee the country for complicity in treasonable plots. Monarchs seldom get drunk in public, as George IV did at his wedding. Archbishops are models of respectability. Moreover, even if they weren't, no gossip-writer would be allowed to say so. In the past they could say anything—and did. Past history is a regular orgy of gossip, before which the tittle-tattle of 1933 pales into insignificance.

Think of the scandals which hummed round those Roman Emperors ! Think how the Forum buzzed with Cleopatra's latest *potin !* Why, *everyone* knew that Julius Cæsar was mad keen to accompany her to Ethiopia in her galley ; but the Army was not so keen, and refused to budge. Mark Anthony even got up in the Senate, as an M.P. might get up in the House of Commons, and asks questions about the parentage of Cleopatra's latest child.

They had their gossip-writers too, those Romans. And how ! There was a gentleman called Suetonius, who wrote columns and columns of tittle-tattle about the whole lot of them : about Cæsar's affairs with all the Society beauties of the time ; how he bought a pearl costing six million sesterces for a fashionable debutante called Servilia, and sold to her for a merely nominal sum some extremely valuable land. Nor from other men's goods he did not abstain.

He gives us a number of intimate little personal pars on the simplicity of the Emperor Augustus's home life : how he used to take an afternoon nap with his boots on ; how he often used to eat his lunch or dinner by himself before his guests arrived ; how he " slept upon a low cot, meanly spread, instead of a bed raised high and swelling with down," and how " his shoes were raised somewhat underneath that he might seem taller than he was."

And then there was Augustus's famous party, " the Supper of the Twelve Gods," with all the guests dressed up as gods and goddesses and himself as Apollo. The whole of Rome talked about that in scandalised tones for months !

None of our Bright Young People's exploits—their bottle parties and baby parties and circus parties and whatnot—ever created such a sensation.

Nero, of course, gave rise to more gossip than all the other Roman Emperors put together. He used, we are told, to fish with a golden net, drawn by silken cords of purple and scarlet. The ceilings of Nero's palace were made to revolve and scatter flowers during dinner, while a device of pipes sprinkled sweet oils upon the guests. His principal banquet chamber was circular, revolving perpetually in the manner of celestial bodies. As the guests were presumably revolving too the effect must have been distinctly startling. I doubt if Lady Mount Temple, renowned as she is for devising new ideas in house decoration, has ever conceived anything quite so remarkable as this. Her nearest approach was a bronze room calculated to make her guests feel like chickens *en casserole*.

But Nero's little games were not always so innocent. One of his hobbies was murder. He promised Burrhus, Pretorian Prefect, a remedy for a sore throat, and very charmingly sent him poison. He practically admitted to poisoning Claudius with mushrooms. His own mother proved a tougher nut. Having failed to poison her, he arranged the ceiling of her chamber to fall

(*Continued on page 15*)

Angry voices were heard from the Royal nuptial chamber . . .

Drawn by Hookway Cowles

Then came the Renaissance: the Renaissance meant a good many things, like the revival of art and architecture. But mainly it meant the Renaissance of gossip.

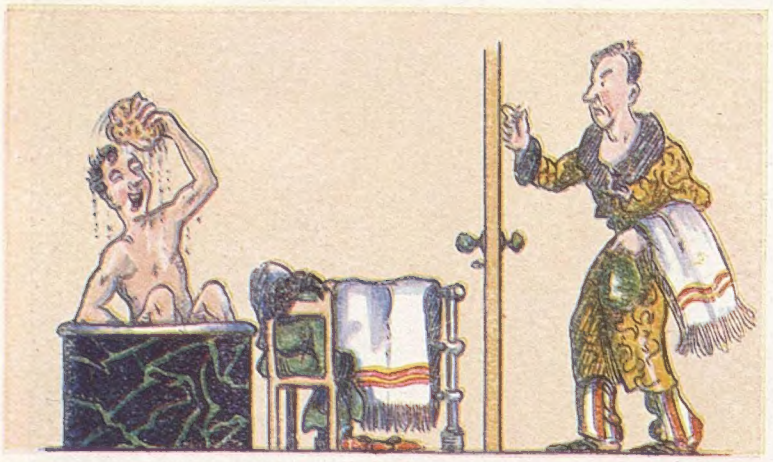
upon her head at a given moment. This failing, he sent her off in a ship, which was built so as to split in two and sink. But the redoubtable lady swam ashore. When he finally set fire to Rome he did it so openly that men of consular rank caught his own household servants on their premises, armed with tow and torches.

What is all this but common gossip? We have no Cæsars to-day. Hence modern gossip is on a less imperial scale. The Anglo-Saxons must have been a gossipy lot, considering all the pretty little stories that have come down to us about their kings: Canute endeavouring vainly to stop the waves, Alfred burning those cakes. That was nothing but gossip. You can imagine the story travelling via woodmen and peasants and foresters, from mouth to mouth and from generation to generation. Alfred the Cook may have been gravely libelled. The exploits of Robin Hood were gossip too.

And as for the Middle Ages, I refuse to believe that all those monasteries did not hotch with every sort of scandalous chit-chat. All news in those days was substantially gossip. Take the innumerable rumours of how Richard II met his death, after being smuggled away to Leeds Castle disguised as a forester. Some said he pined away on hearing of the annihilation of his supporters, declining food and drink until he

(*Continued on p. 44*)

The Bathroom



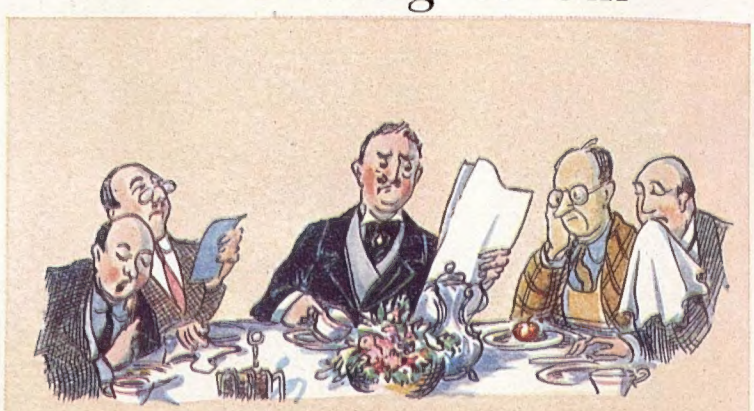
I may be absolutely wrong
But *IS* the Bath the place for song,
Especially when it's loud and long
And off the note ?

I know the popular idea
Is that a man may carol here
Though he has power to split the ear
In lands remote.

With this I wholly disagree,
Hating to drink my morning tea
While someone's lusty upper C
Affrights the air :

So when you feel inclined to bawl
How, like a soldier, you would fall
Pray do it in the Albert Hall,
. . . They'd love it there.

The Dining Room

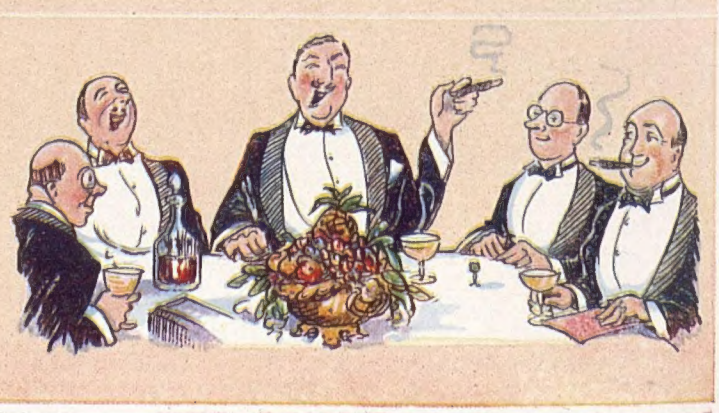


At Breakfast time, at any rate
Pray use the jaws to masticate
And NOT, we beg of you, to state
Your Views on Life :

Permit the tongue a looser rein
At Luncheon, and in lighter vein
Let Wit and Banter meet again
In friendly strife.

At Dinner, when, in sweet accord
We rally round the festive board,
When lights are lit and wine is poured,
And freely too,

Let Fancy spread her widest wing
With laughter let the rafters ring
And, if you feel inspired to sing,
. . . By all means do.



Four new Broadsides drawn for The Sphere Christmas Number by Wyndham Payne. Verses by Basildon.

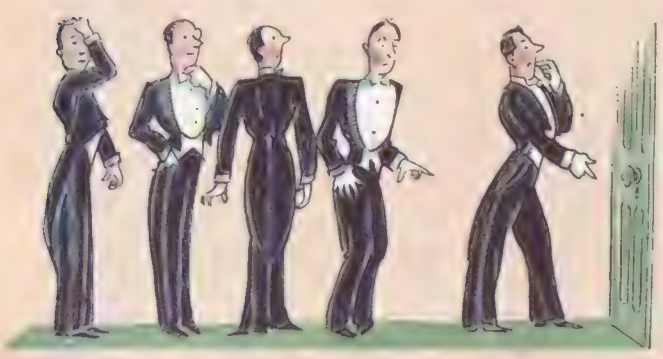
The Drawing Room

One always feels a faint surprise,
When, at the port, the ladies rise
With eager and averted eyes
And leave us flat ;

Is it, I wonder, that the Fair
Give us so pointedly the air
Because they can no longer bear
Our simple chat ?

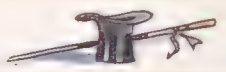
Crouched witch-like round the Drawing room fire
Who knows what thoughts their tongues inspire
What devilish schemes, what magics dire
What nameless lore ?

Until our host, himself unmanned
Leading his faithful stricken band
Throws open with a shaking hand
The Drawing room door.



The Hall

How cheerfully the polished beams
Give back the copper's comely gleams
While the old clock through endless dreams
Sedately ticks :



The Hall's serene and patient air
Let no untidyness impair
Remove that hat from yonder chair,
And park those sticks.

A restful silence here we find
Though, it is true, one calls to mind
How Uncle William, having dined
Extremely well,

Once skidded badly on the mat,
And, travelling at a fearsome bat
Made a forced landing on the cat
And broke the spell.

It is suggested that these broadsides should be cut out, mounted on card and displayed in the home for the benefit of any Christmas guests who may be staying over the Yuletide holiday.

Throu

in 18t

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who rambled
1782. This
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him to take
pleasantly de

"May I stay here to-night?" I asked with eagerness: "Why, yes, you may"; an answer which, however cold and surly, made me exceedingly happy.

Pastor Moritz arrives in the village of Nettlebed, near Henley, rather late in the evening—"it was indeed quite dark"—he is on foot and without luggage.

EVERYTHING seemed to be all alive in this little village; there was a party of militia soldiers who were dancing, singing and making merry. Immediately on my entrance into the village, the first house that I saw, lying on my left was an inn, from which, as usual in England, a large beam extended across the street to the opposite house, from which hung dangling an astonishing large sign, with the name of the proprietor.

"May I stay here to-night?" I asked with eagerness: "Why, yes, you may;" an answer which, however cold and surly, made me exceedingly happy.

They shewed me into the kitchen, and set me down to sup at the same table with some soldiers and the servants. I now, for the first time, found myself in one of those kitchens which I had so often read of in Fielding's fine novels; and which certainly give one, on the whole, a very accurate idea of English manners.

The chimney in this kitchen, where they were roasting and boiling, seemed to be taken off from the rest of the room and enclosed by a wooden partition: the rest of the apartment was made use of as a sitting and eating room. All round on the sides were shelves with pewter dishes and plates, and the ceiling was well stored with provisions of various kinds, such as sugar-loaves, black-puddings, hams, sausages, flitches of bacon, &c.

While I was eating, a post-chaise drove up: and in a moment both the folding-doors were thrown open, and the whole house set in motion, in order to receive, with all due respect, these guests, who, no doubt, were supposed to be persons of consequence. The gentlemen alighted however only for a moment, and called for nothing but a couple of pots of beer; and then drove away again. Notwithstanding, the people of the house behaved to them with all possible attention, for they came in a post-chaise.

Though this was only an ordinary village, and they certainly did not take me for a person of consequence, they yet gave me a carpeted bedroom, and a very good bed.

The next morning I put on clean linen, which I had along with me, and dressed myself as well as I could. And now, when I thus made my appearance, they did not, as they had the evening before, shew me into the kitchen, but into the parlour; a room that seemed to be allotted for strangers, on the ground-floor. I was also now addressed by the most respectful term, *Sir*; whereas, the evening before I had been called only *Master*: by this latter appellation, I believe, it is usual to address only farmers, and quite common people.

◆

This was Sunday; and all the family were in their Sunday-cloaths. I now began to be much pleased with this village, and so I resolved to stop at it for the day, and attend divine-service. For this purpose I borrowed a prayer-book of my host. Mr. *Illing* was his name, which struck me the more, perhaps, because it is a very common name in Germany. During my breakfast, I read over several parts of the English liturgy, and could not help being struck at the circumstance that every word in the whole service seems to be prescribed and dictated to the clergyman. They do not visit the sick but by a prescribed form: as, for instance, they must begin by saying, "Peace be to this house," &c.

The boys of the village were all drawn up, as if they had been recruits, to be drilled. Their bosoms were open, and the white frills of their shirts turned back on each side. At length the parson came on horseback.

Its being called a *prayer-book*, rather than, like ours, an *hymn-book*, arises from the nature of the English service, which is composed very little of singing; and almost entirely of praying. The psalms of David, however are here translated into English verse; and are generally printed at the end of English prayer-books.

The prayer-book, which my landlord lent me, was quite a family-piece; for all his children's births and names, and also his own wedding-day, were very carefully set down in it. Even on this account alone the book would not have been uninteresting to me.

◆

At half-past nine the service began. Directly opposite to our house the boys of the village were all drawn up, as if they had been recruits, to be drilled: all well-looking, healthy lads, neat and decently dressed, and with their hair cut short and combed on the forehead, according to the English

gh England's Countryside
h Century Days:

s from the narrative of Pastor Moritz, through England on foot in the year German "Dr. Primrose" was vice- college in Berlin friend of Goethe; ous spirit forced this journey so scribed.

Specially illustrated for this Christmas Number by Wallcousins

The bell now rung in, and so I, too, with a sort of secret proud sensation, as if I also had been an Englishman, went walking, prayer-book under my arm, to church.

fashion. Their bosoms were open, and the white frills of their shirts turned back on each side. They seemed to be drawn up here at the entrance of the village merely to wait the arrival of the clergyman.

I walked a little way out of the village, where at some distance I saw several people coming from another village to attend divine service here at Nettlebed.

At length came the parson on horseback. The boys pulled off their hats, and all made him very low bows. He appeared to be rather an elderly man, and wore his own hair round and decently dressed; or rather curling naturally.

The bell now rung in, and so I, too, with a sort of secret proud sensation, as if I also had been an Englishman, went with my prayer-book under my arm to church, along with the rest of the congregation; and when I got into the church, the clerk very civilly seated me close to the pulpit.

Nothing can possibly be more simple, apt and becoming than the few decorations of this church.

Directly over the altar, on two tables, in large letters, the ten commandments were written. There surely is much wisdom and propriety in thus placing, full in the view of the people, the sum and substance of all morality.

◆

Under the pulpit, near the steps that led up to it, was a desk, from which the clergyman read the liturgy. The responses were all regularly made by the clerk, the whole congregation joining occasionally, though but in a low

Continued on page 38.

I now saw myself in a moment, as it were, all at once transported into the midst of a company, all apparently very respectable men, but all strangers to me. And it appeared to me extraordinary, that I should, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there.

A Good Girl Deserves Good Diamonds

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

ELF DICKERS was bored. It was no novelty. She looked at the man who was responsible for boring her at this minute with a certain pity. He looked old and ill and finished.

He said :

" Is your hair its natural colour ? "

" No. I'm a platinum blonde."

" I've read of them. It's very effective."

Lip Wanders was playing. All the women were looking at him, over their partners' shoulders, from their tiny tables where men paid for their expensive midnight sustenance. Dreaming, speculating, brooding about Lip Wanders. Did Lip care ? Wrapped in some soft Slavonic musical dream of his own he did not know there were women in the world; or food, or money.

" Is this place paying ? "

" It coins money."

" Why ? "

" Lip. The women come to see and hear him. The men bring them because they insist."

" I see. His music has quality. And he's a marvellous looking creature. Are you in love with him ? "

" Madly."

Her voice was light, brittle, bitter.

" What nationality ? "

" Polish."

" Let's see. They live in a corridor, don't they ? "

" Maybe."

She was small and dainty and tired.

" Do you teach dancing here ? "

" Oh no ! Oh dear me, no ! " she laughed. " I dance with men who come alone, or men who get a little tight and might otherwise be tiresome. My job is to be pleasant, well-dressed and unobtrusive ; and see that Salarmi's patrons drink the best champagne."

" I see. Your job is to stand being bored with charm. You achieve it admirably."

She looked at her companion, startled, apologetic.

" Oh no ! Please. You got me off guard."

He was smiling ; old, and fat, and finished and dreadfully ill-looking, but charming. Quite unexpectedly charming.

" You wouldn't be happy with that musician fellow. I admit he's marvellous to look at and listen to, but they don't know anyone else exists, these people. You break yourself against them through the long years trying to get through to some humanity, some warmth."

She bent across the table. Her tired face was suddenly flower-like in its sweet unselfconsciousness and entire selflessness.

" I'll tell you a tremendous secret. Regina Regis is coming here to-morrow night."

" The singer ? "

" Yes. She's a compatriot of Lip's. He's going to play bits of his opera ' Fireflies ' for her. Of course she's getting on, but she can still make or mar an artist. She adores young men."

" So I've heard."

" Is she so marvellous ? "

" Still quite wonderful."

" She made Stephan Lavis and Peter Burrows ; and that man who wrote the opera where they had four hundred negresses dancing in a green light in red woods. You know Regina Regis was ' She.' Wasn't that produced in New York ? "

" It was. It was a riot."

" Does she . . . get men ? "

" Who ? Regina ? "

" Yes."

" She does."

" One hears stories."

" They're most of them true, I expect."

" One of those women who are born every ten centuries or so, and alter history."

" I expect so. Domestic histories anyway."

" Will she . . . get Lip ? Have you seen her ? "

" Hundreds of times. In everything she has ever produced or played in."

" And she *is* glorious ? "

" Quite glorious."

" And mad ? "

" Well, impulsive—dramatic."

" They say she does *the* most incredible things if she takes a fancy to anyone."

" Perhaps. I don't know."

Her slim little fingers drummed on the table.

" The reception clerk here wants to marry me too. I thought I wanted to marry him until Lip Wanders came to play here."

" Decent fellow ? "

" Terribly, but not exciting. A splendid person He had a big rubber estate in Burma . . . and then of course the financial crisis came. They all closed down. He showed me snaps. It must have been lovely. He's a gentleman. Public school and all that. Nice manners. Awfully gentle."

SHE spoke a kind of shorthand and all the time her eyes watched Lip.

" They hurt . . . Lip's type . . . terribly."

" They do."

" I asked him to spend Christmas Day with my mother and I. He said, ' My Sweet, I should be bored to death.' I was so hurt We have to come here in the evening anyway. It wouldn't have been for long."

" I had almost forgotten Christmas."

" It's the day after to-morrow. Haven't you any people ? "

" Not the way you mean."

Funny, rather fat, tired old man, but with the very nicest ways.

" It's comfortable to be with you," she said. " It isn't with some of them."

" No, I suppose not. You're very pretty."

" It isn't enough to be very pretty. You've got to be terribly soignée these days, smart. Chic. I'm not going to put up much of a show to-morrow night with Regina Regis. She's bringing a party of men and I have been told off to ' assist.' "

" Couldn't you afford a new frock ? "

" Don't be childish, my dear ! I have to keep my mother, and my mother has had quinsy and had to have three weeks in Bournemouth. 'Nuff said."

He said :

" I'd like you to make a good show to-morrow night."

She stared at him.

" You think she'll get Lip . . . take him away from me ? "

" I hope so."

" That's pretty rotten of you."

" There's no happiness for you, my dear, with that young man, but it will take a miracle to reveal it to you. Glamour for an exciting, dramatic personality and a magnificent and romantic appearance. That's what it is."

" You've seen a lot of life, haven't you ? "

" A great deal."

Her quietness smote him over the heart. It was so un-young.

" Tell me what I can do to anchor Lip Wander ? "

" You can't ever anchor that type. That's the misery of it."

" He makes life so thrilling. He's so marvellous to be with."

" He likes to play on your emotions, to see himself mirrored in your smile, your happiness, your sweet, stupid adoration. When your mirror grows dim—he'll move on. He must, to feed his art. It's an emotional necessity."

Women were clapping, calling softly through the smoke for encores. The room seemed suddenly warm and sticky with loose feminine emotion.

" That's a bit of his opera ! You see what it does to them ! ! ! Isn't it marvellous ! ! I mean, Lip just grips . . . and it's all so effortless."

" It isn't so effortless, my dear little girl. It is built up on the self-discipline, the abnegation . . . of others. An artist is a hermit crab."

" Are you coming here again ? "

" I don't think so. I came here for a special purpose and I have achieved it."

She glanced at him curiously.

" Not the Watch Committee or something ? We're perfectly respectable here."

" No, nothing like that. A small private affair."

He bent forward suddenly.

" I am very old and very tired, to-morrow will be Christmas Eve. Will you meet me in Bond Street at one o'clock. I should like to buy you a Christmas present."

" But why ? "

" To help you to-morrow night to maintain your prestige with Regina Regis and Lip."

She hesitated. Then she yielded to his tired, impersonal charm and kindness. Some wonderful human quality shone out of the unprepossessing, tired, sagging envelope.

" A charm ? A talisman ? That's lovely of you ! ! "

They arranged details and he left the Club. Departing, he paused a minute at the reception desk and spoke to the clerk in charge. He said he wanted application for membership papers for a friend.

He approved the booking clerk's pleasant, forthright, unruffled manner, the steadiness of his fine grey eyes. A sportsman and a sahib. A splendid type.

" Happy here ? "

" Glad of the job."

" Like it ? "

" People are nice."

He stood back to let minor royalty sign its name.

" Miss the open air life ? "

" Like Hell I do ! How did you know, sir ? "

The tired, elderly man shoved a card across.

" Go and see that fellow in the New Year, my boy," he said. " They're still growing rubber here and there for the odd tyre."

II.

ELF DICKERS meeting the stranger of last night by appointment outside Aspreys was far from sure of the wisdom of the proceeding.

It seemed as if the fat, invalidish little gentleman sensed that. His manner was quietly reassuring and paternal.

" You'll want a frock for to-night," he said, " and gadgets for same. Pity we didn't have time to have one designed for you. However . . . "

They shopped in cool, sequestered salons in quiet, grave streets. There women met them with advice and on an equality. They seemed to know the sick-looking little man. Their manners were suave and adorable. They made Elf feel precious and mightily distinguished. They praised her with discretion and subtlety ; and when she had departed with her escort they laughed among themselves and said :

" Well ! It's come at last ! ! She's asked for it for years ! ! "

" It's marvellous of you ! " Elf stammered. " The things are too, too divine."

He savoured her incoherence, her childish excitement and bewilderment. She behaved like a girl in a fairy story, and that was the way she felt. All her sophistication and even her natural prudence and suspicion was shaled from her.

" You must have a diamond bracelet," he said.

Her gasp was genuine. She had gone pale.

" But that isn't necessary."

" You have to meet a Lorelei armoured."

" Does Regina wear diamonds ? "

" Always. Diamonds given to her by Kings and Emperors."

(*Continued on p.* 42)

A Pilgrimage to Bath

with the Nobility and Gentry

I was marvellous pleased to find my fair Arabella awaiting me. Until I saw her chaise in the yard at Marlborough, I trembled lest her stern guardian should have discovered and prevented our design.

Told and Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON

I WAS marvellous pleased to find my fair Arabella awaiting me. So full of fears had her letters been that until I saw her chaise in the yard at Marlborough, I trembled lest her stern guardian should have discovered and prevented our design. For it is foolishly said in London that no maid should travel to Bath alone, and though Richard Nash rules the city sternly, much goes on beyond his power.

Little Arabella was so full of gossips' tales that she withdrew fearfully into the corner of the carriage and would not venture her pretty head into the light until I reassured her it was her Roderick. "It is thy Roderick who has faithfully ridden through the perils of the night, fortified against highwaymen by the dream of that sweet smile that should greet me at Marlborough." At which so lovely shone her eyes and so prettily impatient was she for our departure, that I had almost forgot to give my tired horse to an ostler and nearly left him to the mercy of the urchins and thieves that do infest our inn yards.

You loving maids and swains whom cruel miles have severed will forgive me and my Arabella if we confess we cannot describe the places that we passed on our way to Bath. In such a terror was my sweet, that she did wholly tremble as she told me of the gossip stories of life at the Bath which made her even pen a letter to postpone our longed-for pilgrimage. Pru, her maid, could hardly dress her for the tales she had to tell—stories collected in the inn kitchen. It was said the Marchioness of Celandine had her lovely smile permanently changed into a sour frown by the bitterness of the waters. The Lady Bluntwit who believed her husband to be hunting in the north, discovered him in the arms of that black-

The Princess Amelia enjoyed the dancing so well that one evening she essayed to use her influence for an encore after eleven, reminding Nash that she was a Princess. "You may be a Princess, Madam, but I reign here, and my laws must be kept," retorted Nash.

The Princess Amelia * * * *

haired mountebank, Miss Lightfoot, in the Spring Gardens. My Lord of the Treasury had struck some ruffian so fiercely as to have broke his jaw for pinching his lady's arm in the Cross bath. The nice young Misses Straightlace, who had been the pride of the old divine, were so changed by the gaiety of the City that their father would not have them in his house again.

The Earl of Thornyfields, who had recently married dainty Miss Languish, had lost his whole fortune, and hers as well at E. and O. The Duke of B . . . would have suffered the same fate but for the timely intervention of Beau Nash, grasping his arm before he threw his last bonds as stake.

Clare —— who visited the Bath last year, and had lent her costume for Arabella to have it copied, had described the terrible weight of the costumes when the water fills them. Arabella begged me never to ask her to go into the bath for that her linen costume was so hideous that she feared I might never be pleased to look on her again.

I could more easily laugh than understand her needless fear, but to reassure her of the delights awaiting us, I told her how Tim Jorrocks had given me an introduction to the great Beau Nash, who was so famously assiduous in the protection of his friends. At this her face brightening so pleasantly I could but draw Tim's letter from my pocket and read his exuberant description of "King" Nash.

But of all Tim's vivid descriptions, I think no line pleased Arabella more than the last: "Above all, Rod, I would not let sweet A. talk too long with the Beau, for he has as keen an eye for a pretty woman as any man." She bade me read the line again and finally asked to read it for herself.

Such pleasent talk and other more private which I will spare you, quickly passed the time away, without our watching the changing countryside. We must, however, go to the window every time we passed another coach to see if we could not recognise the crests of our friends. It raised our expectations to a high pitch to see such well-appointed carriages and so many liveried riders journeying to Bath.

Then fell upon our ears the distant sound of joyous bells which our postillion, turning in his saddle, said were the Bells of Bath welcoming us, at which our hearts did beat the more. We shared a mirror and each examined the other carefully to see that we should cut a good figure on arrival in the most fashionable resort of England.

The lanes were lined with country people agape at the gentry of London passing through their land. The damsels were a pretty sight like to the ornaments the potters make at Chelsea.

When new visitors arrive at Bath, all the bells ring out, which make a grand noise and fill the newcomer with a happy sense of his own dignity. It were better still if the ringers would allow you to set both feet upon the soil of Bath before asking their fee. Before the last bell had ceased, a loud music began to play and we beheld a gaily uniformed band with serpents, clarionets and drums, preceding our chaise into the inn courtyard. At this Arabella gripped my wrist tightly for fear that they were the military sent by her father to capture us. But the pleasant gaiety of the crowded yard dispelled her doubts and held us in that daze of happiness in which we continued the whole time of our stay at Bath.

Through the crowds of hawkers, chairmen, beggars, town criers, ostlers and postboys, there passed a continual procession of brilliant holiday people, chattering, laughing and looking curiously at the new arrivals.

I was mightily proud to hand my Arabella from the chaise for her excitement filled her with so sweet a radiance that the throng stood still in wonderment of her beauty. An insolent buck, in his eagerness to read our names on our boxes, had the assistance of a heavier box to push his nose flat on the label, at which reddening of his inquisitive nose and watering of his saucy eye I was very well pleased. After such excitement it was a relief to sit back in a sedan and be carried to our lodgings.

* * *

THE morning sun streaming through the window awoke me to such an anticipation of pleasures that I thought I must still be dreaming. The terrifying shape of my voluminous bathing costume hanging over a chair reminded me I had come to Bath for the waters. Going to my window I tried to see if Arabella had yet stirred. I called her name and Pru appearing, said her mistress had been up these ten minutes awaiting me.

When I beheld Arabella I knew why poets delight in addressing their loves as shepherdesses. The ladies at Bath wear dresses which shall suit the rural city, and Arabella smiled like a morning blossom in her

THE QUALITY AT BATH

In Queen's Square, where the whole company promenades in full morning dress after bathing, we indulge the pleasure of choosing which of the entertainments to patronise the following evening.

The Duchess of Queensbury * *

dainty pattern frock, the centre of an admiring group waiting to conduct us to the Pumproom. I kissed the dainty little knuckles which had tried to wake me through the thickness of the walls.

A great company had already gathered at the Pumproom. They all talked with the least reserve and their laughter resounded from the carved stone walls. It was a busy time of meeting and introductions to more names than memory can hold. There were the respectable Londoners—magistrates, lawyers, merchants and their wives, like the neat little Mr. and Mrs. Pennyweight dutifully drinking the waters with a determined effort to keep a straight face. There was the sweet Hesta, lightly sipping the waters while still maintaining her heavenly smile. There was that gay old Countess Stomberg tossing off three pints, making the most terrible faces and laughing hilariously after each draught. There was the lovely Mrs. De Florens of the Theatre Royal, showing a proud relish of the bitter drink as a fit expression of her disdain for the smirking bucks and colonels standing round her. There were the stiff daughters of the Major, making the most awful grimaces—and knowing it. There was the simpering Daphne, looking imploringly sheepish at her husband, powerless to conceal her disgust at the waters. There was that lovable jackass Lord Harry mixing sugar and cloves with each glass and laughing his physician to scorn. Sir John and Lady Hartwright as charmingly at ease as in their own drawing-room came over to us and begged us to join their party for breakfast, directly we had taken the cure.

There being no further excuse for dallying, I begged the drawer give us our water. I looked into Arabella's face to see what my expression might be. Her brows lifted above her frightened eyes and her red lips parted, as she gazed with her cup trembling in her hand. I knew my face was as sickly as the waters. I coaxed her to drink. With beating heart she sipped twice as though expecting to immediately fall dead. She hid her face in her handkerchief and bade me finish the cup for her—an agony I would sooner endure than see her sweet face so distressed.

From such preoccupation we were distracted by a hush in the general conversation and we turned to see from whence came the booming tones of a rich commanding voice. Standing in the sunlight of the open door, in easy conversation with the lovely Mrs. De Florens, stood a magnificent figure, posed as though for a monument, and crowned with a handsome white beaver hat. His strong features, though ill formed in themselves, were animated by an overflowing charm which held us magnetised. It was easy to tell that this was the Beau who set the fashions for England, that this was the man who ruled a city by his personality, that this indeed was "King" Nash. He controlled the conversation. It flowed evenly, without break. We were grateful even for his smile and we longed to be seen talking with him.

Sir John Hartwright presented us to the Beau, who received us with elaborate ceremony. Arabella, quite overcome before he had finished his salutation, looked the more ravishing for her blushes, which I observed the Beau to admire with the satisfaction of a connoisseur. Richard Nash is one of those who make you feel you are the one of all the company with whom he is happiest to talk.

The conversation was all too short. I turned to Arabella to express my admiration, but she answered nothing, gazing in wonderment at his broad swaying shoulders. She reluctantly turned away, and as we walked to join Sir John at his table, "Roderick," she said, "have you Tim's letter? I should like to read it."

The waters at Bath do sharpen the appetite so that the breakfast of chocolate, new rolls and pastries was very welcome

Even the beautiful Duchess of Queensbury bowed to Nash's reproof. She appeared at a Ball in an apron of costly white lace. Regardless of her rank and the value of the lace, the Beau stripped it from her, saying, "None but servants wear aprons at Bath."

The company was full of holiday gaiety even at this time, and some to please Arabella and earn her favour, others because they understood our curiosity, the company vied with one another in telling us of Nash's words and deeds.

One told us how the Beau had made rules to compel the whole company to dress with taste and care. So strictly were the rules adhered to that even the beautiful Duchess of Queensbury bowed to Nash's reproof. She appeared at a Ball in an apron of costly white lace. Regardless of her rank and the value of the lace, the Beau stripped it from her saying "None but servants wear aprons at Bath."

Nash's unalterable rule of ending the dances at eleven cannot be broken even by the entreaties of Royalty. The Princess Amelia enjoyed the dancing so well that one evening she essayed to use her influence for an encore after eleven, reminding Nash that she was a Princess. "You may be a Princess, madam, but I reign here, and my laws must be kept." Not

IN BEAU NASH'S DAY

The splendour of the clothes is very good to see, and Arabella quizzed them eagerly to see how she would compare. "I must buy a kerchief like that. I must have my hat trimmed so. My skirt is not full enough, I think . . ."

a little amazed at his boldness, the Princess could but admire his determined will, and did not conceal a growing respect for the "King of Bath."

Others told us of the full use Nash makes of his influence in persuading all to give to charity. In getting money for his proposed leper hospital even the Duchess of Marlborough, so well known for her shrewd money sense, could not resist the Beau's persuasion to give such a figure that she dare not put her name by it for fear of further requests.

Arabella suggested we should join Sir Peter and learn the game of E. and O.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

so well known for her shrewd money sense, could not resist the Beau's persuasion to give such a figure that she dare not put her name to it for fear of further requests.

It was Nash who instituted the orchestra of woodwinds in the Spring Gardens, where we danced the country dances after breakfast.

The dances are much enjoyed by the young people at the Bath, partners changing and exchanging freely to the happiness of all. I was not a little anxious at first, because of the stir my Arabella made. On all sides were voices praising her lightness and grace. Many gallants looked fiercely at the few who had the chance to dance with her. Even the ladies looked angry at so young a newcomer distracting attention away from them. I consoled myself that she was thinking too fondly of the image of the Beau to heed these fresh attentions.

After such exercise the bath is doubly enjoyable. To languish in the tepid waters is pleasantly comforting and to see the whole fashionable company emersed to their shoulders with the water filling out their costumes in extravangant shapes gives a peculiar charm to the diversion. Lords and ladies, merchants and maids, glide to and fro in the steaming waters. Talking as they move in a half-swimming, half-walking attitude, they appear like angels in some painter's conception of heaven.

The conversation to-day is of the Countess of Stomberg who, on entering the bath this morning, slipped and fell, taking five men to lift her from the water, none of which discomforts vexed her more than the losing of her wig.

(*Continued on a later page.*)

HOME WITH THE HOLLY

A Sussex Camera Study

By G. G. Garland

It was a mild, open Christmas when this picture was taken. Grandad has been into the wood with this little Audrey to gather some holly to decorate the cottage sitting-room. He preserves the old Sussex tradition in his attire and the cut of his beard, but he is a great favourite with the youngsters, who delight to hear his stories of the days of long ago.

A MODERN ALICE
IN WONDERLAND

The Bathing Hour for the Kittens and Puppies. A camera study from Runnymede.

THE PALACE OF PLEASURE

A Story of Pierrot and Columbine

ON the shores of the sea, Pierrot built himself a big, white palace, with wide, gracious windows, with marble colonnades, and four great terraces, dropping down with flights of moss-grown steps to the cool, blue waters.

Pierrot had been told that happiness was only a dream, impossible, imponderable, unreal. But "I will make it possible," he cried, with passionate intensity, "I will shut out pain and trouble, sorrow, and weariness and despair. Nothing that is ugly, nothing that is sad, shall enter the gates of my palace. It shall be called a Palace of Pleasure and only those who are happy shall live there." So from all over the world he gathered together a crowd of gay, laughing pleasure-seekers, and he told them that everything he had was theirs.

And Harlequin came to the palace, and Scaramouche, and Polichinelle, who laughed at all the sorrows of the world, and Columbine, who read the secrets of Pierrot's dreams and knew that they were as frail as gossamer, as evanescent as star dust. And all day long the flower filled gardens echoed to the sound of music and laughter, and night after night the windows flamed with a myriad lighted candles above the sleeping sea.

But perhaps the guests of Pierrot grew weary of too much merrymaking. Perhaps the sea was too blue, the sunlight too strong, the scent of white flowers too heavily sweet, for one by one, in groups of two and three and four, they began to leave the Palace of Pleasure, regretfully, sadly and yet inevitably called back to the world of trouble and unrest they had sworn to leave behind for ever.

"Life is adventure," Harlequin whispered softly. "Come with me, Columbine, and you shall hear the wind lashing the trees to frenzy, you shall see the storm clouds driving across the plain. Life is adventure; it is turmoil and a laughing defiance, not the satiety of unending pleasure." And tempted by the magic of that tender, mocking voice Columbine went with him, and laughing at his own regrets Polichinelle followed them, and after him went Scaramouche, his lips twisted bitterly in a smile.

BEGGING FOR HIS DINNER

A camera study of little Jumbo who has learnt to beg for his meals.

So the Palace of Pleasure was left empty and deserted, and lying with his face buried in the silver cushions of his couch Pierrot listened to the echo of dead laughter, the rustle of vanished silken skirts, till at last, driven to madness by the haunted silence, he started running through the empty rooms, and hearing the sound of his own footsteps pattering over the endless, empty space of parquet floors, paused, and took off his scarlet heeled shoes, and, holding them in one hand, stole forward, a small, forlorn white figure, creeping on noiseless stockinged feet from room to room. And then, in the ever-deepening shadows, it seemed to him that another slim, white figure came to meet him, and he darted forward and then stopped with a strangled cry, staring with wild eyes, that saw in the long mirror stretching from floor to ceiling only his own reflection caught in still another mirror just behind him, making a long, dim corridor, down which to all eternity he saw himself.

So in his turn Pierrot left the Palace of Pleasure, and wandered for many weary miles in search of Columbine, until at last he found her, her dress crumpled and torn, her little satin shoes worn to ribbons from trampling over cobbled streets and down deep, muddy lanes.

"You have been a long time coming," Scaramouche said bitterly, "Harlequin has left us."

Polichinelle laughed, his gay, mocking, bitter laugh. "Harlequin always called you a fool." He cocked his head on one side, and put his finger to his nose. "He said you would stay and groan away the days in your Palace of Pleasure. What made you leave it?"

But Pierrot did not answer, for he was looking into Columbine's eyes, and that vision of himself he had seen reflected in the long mirrors of the Palace of Pleasure was lost in another vision of marvellous happiness.

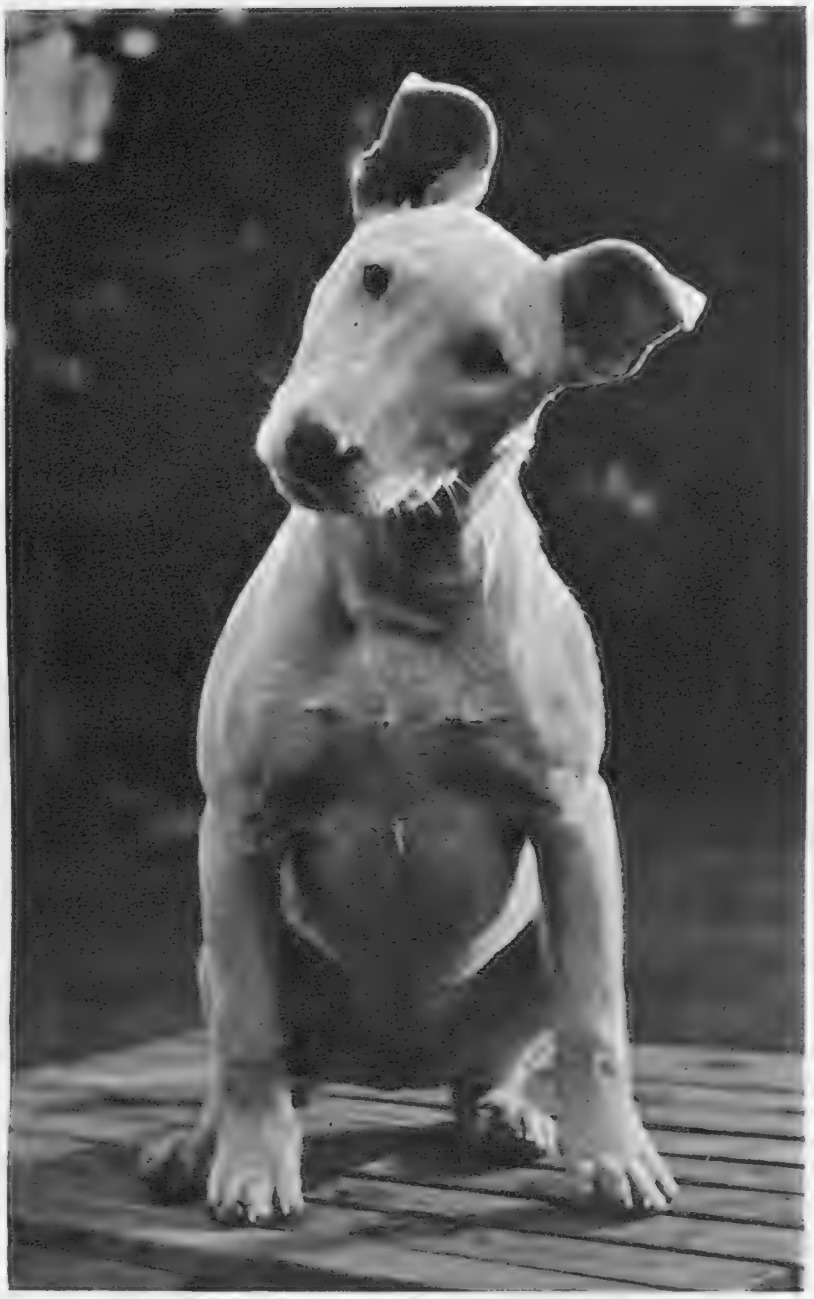
M.B.

WAGGERY in the Canine World

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

An attractive young Dachshund wonders what the day will bring forth.

These two studies are by C. Joan Lyne.



DID YOU SAY 'RATS'?

Bimbo is of an enquiring mind. Thoughtful at this early age, he ought to grow into a very intelligent fellow.

I SAY, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

We're all ready. It's dinner we want.

A WEDDING IN THE DOGGY WORLD?

This comic pair are really bulldogs well known in the canine world. One is Princess Pugilist of Highgate and the other Champion Pugilist (champion 29 times).

CHRISTMAS in the CAPITAL

CHRISTMAS AT THE KING'S LONDON HOME

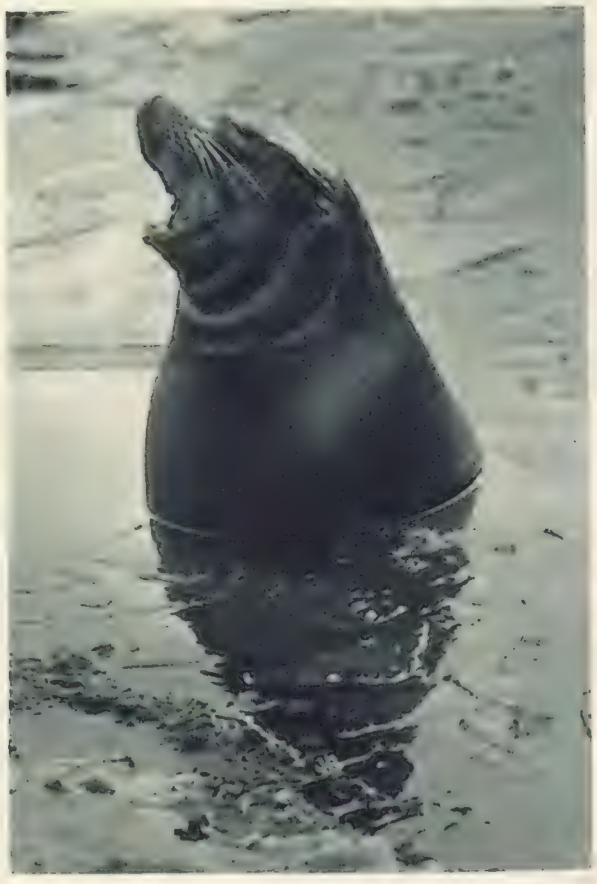
The snow has fallen; but not very deeply. The sentry paces to and fro at the Constitution Hill entrance to Buckingham Palace. There will be special Christmas fare at the Wellington Barracks awaiting him.

TURKEYS IN SERRIED ARRAY

For a few days before Christmas, Leadenhall Market presents a wonderful sight. Rows of Norfolk turkeys await the purchaser.

THE DAILY DOSE EVEN AT CHRISTMAS TIME

If you are unlucky enough to be in hospital at Christmas time, you may have to take your dose of anti-'flu mixture. It is better to get ready for it, and then the worst is soon over.



OLD BILL WANTS HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER

The ice had been broken and Old Bill, the veteran sea-lion at the Zoo, was able to bob up and clamorously call for his Christmas meal.

So Aphrodite, goddess of love, descends to the Court of King Minos, invisible to mortals, accompanied by Eros, who looses his shaft, whereby Pasiphæ is consumed with a fatal passion for the beautiful Bull of Jupiter.

IN THE DAYS OF THE MINOTAUR

by Comyns Beaumont

Drawings by Fortunino Matania

IN the far-distant days of Arcadian bliss, when such modern and subversive methods of propaganda as printing presses lay in the womb of time, people were taught by word of mouth. Then all knowledge was confined to the priests, who, in order to be initiated themselves, underwent years of study and many awful ordeals. Among them, the bards composed and sang songs of the gods and goddesses of Olympus, of the heroes and heroines of the past, of the nature of things, and wrapped up history or folklore in magic dressings called by us to-day, myths. The simple minds of the people loved miracles, such as tales of the monsters, but in the telling of the tales the bards kept carefully to an orthodox version, and rarely differed much from one another. They occupied a high position in the social life of their day, standing, it might be said, in the place of national orators when they spoke of the great deeds of a former time. The gate of no chieftain's castle was ever closed to the bard who demanded entrance; the chief would be wont to send him the choicest cuts from the luscious meat, and after, with his harp or lyre, the poet would extol the praises of the immortal gods and heroes. In all these ancient deeds few exceeded in fascination the story of King Minos of Crete, the annual hecatomb of noble Athenian youths and maidens thrown to the dreaded Minotaur, and the way this ferocious monster was destroyed by the hero Theseus. It pulsates romance, based on facts added to imagery, and this story, now illustrated by Fortunino Matania, I shall proceed to relate.

◆

KING MINOS of Crete was the greatest monarch of his age. His power on land and sea was infinite and his wealth in gold and silver beyond all measure. Nor was this all. He was acclaimed as a friend and counsellor of Jupiter himself. Every nine years—an astronomical epoch—the God and Minos communed and decided upon the future of the world, and on such occasions a great number of burnt sacrifices were offered up on the altars of Crete, especially at Knossus, the renowned capital of great beauty, a city which lay not far from the wine-dark sea, the city that claimed all knowledge as its own, meaning thereby divine knowledge.

King Minos was ambitious. He wished to bring all the nations of the earth under the domination of his island Empire, to impose upon them his laws, and make them subservient to Jupiter, (known as Cronus or Saturn), later deposed, and, as tradition says, thrown under an island near the coast of Britain, when there was that great war in the heavens between God and his angels and Saturn (or Satan) and his angels. So Minos sought occasion to subdue the Athenians, always a restless and aggressive people. The occasion was not hard to seek. His son Androgeus had participated in the Panathenaic Games in Athens, and thanks to the skill of his white horses, for which Crete was famed, and his athletic gifts, he had borne off the chief prizes. Unhappily, while still in Athens Androgeus was murdered. Some said it was in a tavern brawl, others that he was killed at the instigation of Ægeus himself, the King of Athens, and the father of Theseus. Minos seized upon it as the occasion to make war upon Athens, like many other monarchs since his time.

◆

TO ensure victory, Minos realised the necessity of propitiating Jupiter and prayed him to grant him the means to prepare a holocaust in his honour that would please him. Jupiter heard the prayer and caused a

The voyage of the seven Athenian youths and seven virgins in the black-sailed ship, destined victims of the dreaded Minotaur in Crete.

Continued from page 29] most noble white bull to appear unexpectedly out of the soil, as a fitting sacrifice. When Minos saw it he was distracted between two desires, the one to appease the god, the other avarice, for this bull he foresaw would greatly improve the breed of Cretan cattle; and in those days oxen meant wealth. Avarice won, and instead of sacrificing the bull to Jupiter, another, the finest among his herd, with gilded horns and garlanded, was led to the slaughter and burnt on the altar.

When the gods of Olympus witnessed this act of deception there was great indignation, and it was decreed by Jupiter that Minos must be punished. Aphrodite, goddess of love, was given the task of executing a suitable revenge. Now, Aphrodite had a grudge against Pasiphæ, the beautiful golden-haired consort of Minos, because she was the daughter of Helios, the Sun, and Helios had on a notorious occasion thrown his ray of Sunlight on her secret love affair with Ares (Mars), which had scandalised even the

THESEUS, THE ATH
SLAYS THE MI

From the painting by Fort

ATHENIAN HERO, E MINOTAUR

by Fortunino Matania

sophisticated Olympic deities. So she descended invisible to mortals from the Olympic Heights to the Court of Minos, accompanied by her relentless little son Eros, with his quiver and arrows. There they beheld Pasiphæ by Minos's side, full of admiration for the beautiful bull of Jupiter. Eros loosed a shaft and at once Pasiphæ was consumed with a fatal passion for the bull, which conquered her entire being. As a result she gave birth to a terrible monster called the Minotaur, a creature with the body of a giant and the head of a huge bull.

◆

THIS event caused dire distress. Minos dared not reproach Pasiphæ, because he realised it was a punishment for his own sin. He dared not further defy the gods. Meantime this egregious beast waxed daily stronger and more monstrous. He was said to snort fire through his nostrils and he demanded human flesh. Prisoners were thrown to him as to wolves, but his [*Continued on page* 32

THESEUS LED ARIADNE INTO THE PAVILION

The wedding was celebrated between Theseus and Ariadne, and afterwards he conducted her to the neighbouring island of Dia, where a magnificent pavilion was erected.

IN THE DAYS of the MINOTAUR

(continued)

appetite was insatiable. To hide this terrible affliction from human ken the architect and magician Dædalus designed the Labyrinth at Knossus. It was of enormous size, with many courts, approached through an infinitude of passages and devious ways. Much of it lay underground, leading to nauseous dens and corridors like blackest night, and there lurked the Minotaur awaiting his victims, who were thrown through the portal, which was then locked on them.

The war between Crete and Athens was bitter and long. Pestilence and famine compelled the Athenians to surrender, and as tribute Minos demanded that every ninth year seven youths and seven virgins, drawn by ot from the leading families, should be taken in a galley to Knossus and hurled into the Labyrinth to make sport for the Minotaur.

Many times had this happened . . . many times, when each ninth year drew round, did the people of Athens think of the agony when their youngest and dearest were to be snatched from them and taken in the ship with black mourning sails to be consumed by this rapacious man-bull. The day dawned when once again, according to custom, the lots were to be cast for the seven youths and seven virgins. Then arose Theseus, the son of Ægeus, Athens' monarch. A handsome youth who knew no fear, he had already captured the bull of Marathon, who had raided the surrounding country, and now he demanded the right to be included in the selected list of victims, for his intention was to slay the dreaded Minotaur. Ægeus consented, but he stipulated that the ship should carry in her hull a scarlet sail, and when she returned from her voyage to Knossus, if Theseus were successful, the sail should be hoisted as a sign of the victory.

Away went the sad argosy amid the tears of Athens. None believed Theseus would be able to defeat the Minotaur, since it was part of the pact that no one should carry arms. In due course the great island of Crete was reached and the destined victims were led to the Palace of Minos. There, in audience with the potent monarch, Theseus pleaded for the right to be the first to assuage the hunger of the monstrous beast, a boon no sooner asked than granted. But Eros, again busy, despatched a shaft in the heart of Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, a princess fair to behold. Later, by stealth, she managed to see Theseus, and offered him in return for marriage two means to defeat the Minotaur. The first was a dagger, which he concealed under his cloak. The other was a ball of twine, whereby, when he entered the Labyrinth, by paying it out, he might be able later to retrace his steps and not be lost for ever in the maze of the secret passages of that sinister prison. Armed with these, next morning the Athenian hero entered the portals to do battle with the dreaded beast. For long he wandered through the darkness, hearing only the hissing of a snake or the beating of the wings of squealing bats. At length, in a court where twilight reigned, he came face to face with the awful man-eater, who with a loud bellow hurled himself upon him. The son of Ægeus, however, deftly stepped aside, and plunged his dirk up to the hilt into the Minotaur's side, and with a groan it fell mortally wounded. Cutting off its head, he carried it as a trophy, and with the aid of the twine successfully retraced his footsteps to the entrance of the Labyrinth.

When Knossus learnt of the fate of the Minotaur all was joy. Minos, himself secretly relieved to be rid of the incubus, embraced Theseus and gave him Ariadne in marriage. He declared that Athens was free for ever of the tribute and gave a grand banquet to the Athenian youths and virgins. The wedding was celebrated between Theseus and Ariadne, and afterwards he conducted her and her sister Phædra to the neighbouring island of Dia, where a magnificent pavilion was erected for the honeymoon couple.

SUCH is the narrative of the destruction of the Minotaur by Theseus, who became King of Athens on his return. According to the legend, he forgot to hoist the scarlet sail on the galley when she triumphantly returned, and Ægeus, anxiously watching as he saw the ship round the Point of Sunium with the black sail on the mast, believed that Theseus was dead, and threw himself from the Acropolis and was killed. Tragedy stalked, also, Ariadne, who, according to most accounts, was deserted on the morn after her wedding, while she yet slept, and Theseus eloped with her younger sister Phædra, who, in turn, later falsely accused Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, and committed suicide. Minos, the friend of Jupiter, went to Sicily and was murdered by the daughters of Cocalus. Pasiphæ, who gave birth to the Minotaur, and Theseus, who basely deserted Ariadne, alone seem to have not been visited with some form of celestial judgment. Theseus, on the contrary, became the great traditional hero of Athens.

I cannot venture to point a moral to the myth of the Minotaur. Perhaps none was intended. Perhaps it was to vindicate the justice of Jupiter. Possibly the infliction imposed on Minos, and by him on others, could be explained in another way as the cult of an idol half-bull, half-man, concealed in a crypt, and to whom human sacrifices were offered. Sir Arthur Evans, the authority on Crete, seems to regard it as a malicious invention of the Athenians. These thoughts, however, do not enter into the present story, embellished with Matania's drawings, which seem so truly to represent the genius of that romantic, yet maybe uncomfortable, age we term mythical.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY:
A Winter Study near Albury, Hertfordshire.

UNDER A MANTLE OF SNOW . . .

THE MAGIC OF JACK FROST

A Woodland Study from Staffordshire.

HOUNDS OUT FOR EXERCISE

Hunting being stopped by the snow, these Old Berkeley Hounds are being taken out for exercise.

BY THE STOVE IN WINTER

The women wear headdresses completely mediæval in style and the child is swaddled in 15th-century fashion.

AN OLD BETHLEHEM CUSTOM

Just before Christmas the young folk, disguised as shepherds, carry round home-made cribs to the neighbouring farmsteads.

THE BETHLEHEM PLAYS OF OLD HUNGARY

A PRETTY HUNGARIAN GIRL

Pictured wearing her shawl and embroidered apron at Sarkos.

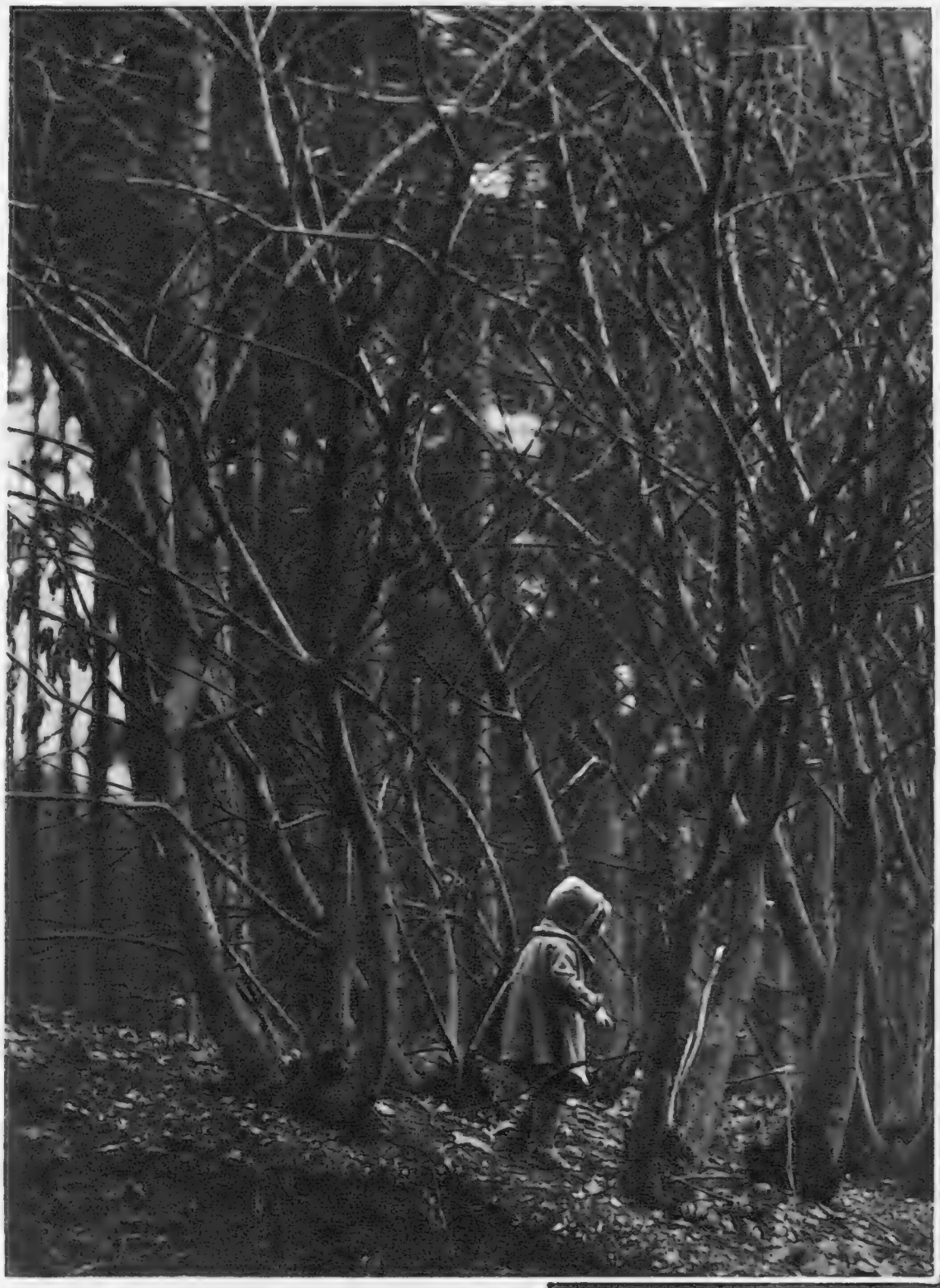
IN Hungary, the Christmas festivities have a delightfully picturesque character. Little plays by the children are the most distinctive feature: they are called "Bethlehem Plays," and naturally deal with the Nativity.

In Mesökövesd, the country town in Western Hungary, the home of the Matyok, a branch of the great Palocs clan, who are famous for their artistic embroideries, the Bethlehem Plays are studied and prepared weeks in advance. Only the girls of from six to fourteen years of age take part. Having with much thought and labour built a small crib and rummaged up elaborate costumes, these youngsters make a tour of the village at round about five o'clock in the evening. They knock at each door and ask permission to enter the home with the "jaszel," a small model stable, or crib, illustrating the place where Christ was born. The traditional figures of the scene the young players have made themselves. Admitted to the courtyard or main room of the farmhouse they sing Christmas carols and dance folk dances, and relate the story of the Holy Night in verses especially composed. Finally they sing again in chorus. This is the end of the play, but not the end of the performance, for the youngsters wait for the small presents which are always given to the Bethlehem players. The young men likewise embroider their dress during the winter months and are very elegant at church parade.

WEARING THEIR MULTITUDINOUS PETTICOATS

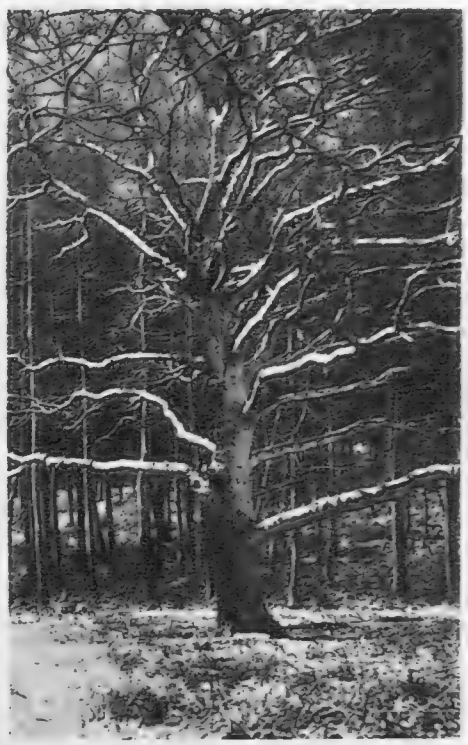
Hungarian women of Tolna in their feast-day dresses.

IN SEARCH of PETER PAN



THROUGH THE MAGIC WOOD

A little maiden wanders forth searching everywhere for Peter.



THE WOOD IS WIDE

And she wanders far and long.

THE DEER SAW PETER YESTERDAY

But they don't know where he is to-day. He may be by the lake, or up in his tree-top house.

FOUND AT LAST

Her little sister is more fortunate, as she has come upon Peter playing upon his pipe in Kensington Gardens.

SOME ATTRACTIVE LITTLE PEOPLE

CAN I REMEMBER THAT ?

A study with the lesson book.

ARE WE GOING OUT THIS AFTERNOON ?

Mother's plans cause deep thought in the nursery.

A LITTLE JAPANESE FRIEND.

Black haired and long-eyed like all her sisters.

All these little people have a very attractive appearance and one feels that one would like to meet them—and possibly one can. But where would it be? Have another careful look at them and perhaps you may guess. It would probably be on the shelves of a Christmas Toy Department—for all these youngsters are merely dolls—the creations of Kaete Kruse, and all made out of a plastic material capable of being readily moulded into these delightful forms.

A CHRISTMAS MORNING SMILE.

Anticipation of a happy day.

BOVRIL WILL MAKE YOU *'FIT'!*

THROUGH ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE IN THE 18th CENTURY:

Continued from page 19

voice: as, for instance, the minister said, "Lord have mercy upon us!" the clerk and the congregation immediately subjoin, "and forgive us all our sins." In general, when the clergyman offers up a prayer, the clerk and the whole congregation answer only *Amen!*

The English service must needs be exceedingly fatiguing to the officiating minister, inasmuch as, besides a sermon, the greatest part of the liturgy falls to his share to read, besides the psalms and two lessons. The joining of the whole congregation in prayer has something exceedingly solemn and affecting in it. Two soldiers, who sat near me in the church, and who had probably been in London, seemed to wish to pass for philosophers and wits, for they did not join in the prayers of the church.

The service was now pretty well advanced, when I observed some little stir in the desk; the clerk was busy, and they seemed to be preparing for something new and solemn, and I also perceived several musical instruments. The clergyman now stopped and the clerk then said, in a loud voice, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God the forty-seventh psalm."

I cannot well express how affecting and edifying it seemed to me, to hear this whole, orderly and decent congregation in this small country church, joining together, with vocal and instrumental music, in the praise of their Maker. It was the more grateful, as having been performed not by mercenary musicians, but by the peaceful and pious inhabitants, of this sweet village. I can hardly figure to myself any offering more likely to be grateful to God.

The congregation sang and prayed alternately several times; and the tunes of the psalms were particularly lively and cheerful, though at the same time sufficiently grave, and uncommonly interesting. I am a warm admirer of all sacred music, and I cannot but add that that of the Church of England is particularly calculated to raise the heart to devotion. I own it often affected me even to tears.

The clergyman now stood up and made a short, but very proper discourse on this text: "Not all they who say, Lord, Lord! shall enter the kingdom of heaven." His language was particularly plain, though forcible; his arguments were no less plain, convincing and earnest; but contained nothing that was particularly striking. I do not think the sermon lasted more than half an hour.

NOEL *Drawn by Brenda.*

This clergyman had not, perhaps, a very prepossessing appearance: I thought him also a little distant and reserved, and I did not quite like his returning the bows of the farmers with a very formal nod.

I staid till the service was quite over, and then went out of the church with the congregation and amused myself with reading the inscriptions on the tombstones, in the churchyard, which, in general, are simpler, more pathetic and better written than ours.

There were some of them which, to be sure, were ludicrous and laughable enough. Among these is one on the tomb of a smith, which, on account of it's singularity, I here copy and send you:—

"My sledge and anvil lie declin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My coals are spent, my iron's gone,
My nails are drove; my work is done."

Many of these epitaphs closed with the following quaint rhymes:—

"Physicians were in vain;
God knew the best;
So here I rest."

In the body of the church I saw a marble monument of a son of the celebrated Dr. Wallis (*n.*), with the following simple and affecting inscription:—

"The same good sense which qualified him for every public employment,
Taught him to spend his life here in retirement."

All the farmers, whom I saw here were dressed, not as ours are, in coarse frocks, but with some taste, in fine good cloth, and were to be distinguished from the people of the town not so much by their dress as by the greater simplicity and modesty of their behaviour.

Some soldiers, who probably were ambitious of being thought to know the world, and to be wits, joined me, as I was looking at the church, and seemed to be quite ashamed of it, as they said it was only a very miserable church. On which I took the liberty to inform them, that no church could be miserable which contained orderly and good people.

I staid here to dinner. In the afternoon there was no service, the young people, however, went to church, and there sang some few psalms. Others of the congregation were also present. This was conducted with so much decorum that I could hardly help considering it, as actually a kind of church service. I staid with great pleasure till this meeting also was over.

I seemed, indeed, to be enchanted, and as if I could not leave this village. Three times did I get off, in order to go on farther, and as often returned, more than half resolved to spend a week or more in my favourite Nettlebed.

But the recollection that I had but a few weeks to stay in England, and that I must see Derbyshire, at length drove me away. I cast back many *a longing, lingering look* on the little church steeple and those hospitable friendly roofs, where all that morning I had found myself so perfectly at home.

It was now nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when I left this place; and I was still eighteen miles from Oxford. However, I seemed resolved to make more than one stage of it to Oxford, that seat of the muses, and so, by passing the night about five miles from it, to reach it in good time next morning.

The road from Nettlebed seemed to me but as one long fine gravel-walk in a neat garden. And my pace in it was varied, like that of one walking in a garden: I sometimes walked quick, then slow, and then sat down and read Milton.

When I had got about eight miles from Nettlebed, and was now not far from Dorchester, I had the Thames at some distance on my left; and on the opposite side, I saw an extensive hill, behind which a tall mast seemed to rise. This led me to suppose, that on the other side of the hill there must needs also be a river. The prospect I promised myself from this hill could not possibly be passed; and so I went out of the road to the left over a bridge across the Thames and mounted the hill, always keeping the mast in view. When I had attained the summit, I found (and not without some shame and much chagrin) that it was all an illusion. There was, in fact, nothing before me but a great plain; and the mast had been fixed there, either as a may-pole only, or to entice curious people out of their way.

I therefore now again, slowly and sullenly, descended the hill, at the bottom of which was an house, where several people were looking out of the window, and, as I supposed, laughing at me. Even if it were so, it seemed to be but fair, and so it rather amused, than vexed, me; and I continued to jog on, without much regretting my waste journey to the mast.

Not far from Dorchester, I had another delightful view. The country here became so fine, that I positively could not prevail on myself to quit it, and so I laid myself down on the green turf, which was so fresh and sweet, that I could almost have been contented, like Nebuchadnezzar, to have grazed on it. The moon was at the full; the sun darted its last parting rays through the green hedges; to all which was added, the overpowering fragrance of the meadows, the diversified song of the birds, the hills that skirted the Thames; some of them of a light, and others of a dark-green hue; with the tufted tops of trees dispersed here and there among them. The contemplation of all these delightful circumstances well-nigh overcame me.

I arrived rather late at Dorchester. This is only a small place; but there is in it a large and noble old church. As I was walking along, I saw several ladies with their heads dressed, leaning out of their windows, or standing before the houses; and this made me conclude, that this was too fine a place for me; and so I determined to walk on three quarters of a mile farther to Nuneham; which place is only five miles from Oxford, When I reached Nuneham, I was not a little tired: and it was also quite dark.

The place consists of two rows of low, neat houses, built close to each other, and as regular and uniform as a London street. All the doors seemed to be shut; and even a light was to be seen only in a few of them.

At length quite at the end of the place, I perceived a great sign hanging across the street, and the last house to the left was the inn, at which every thing seemed to be still in motion. I entered without ceremony, and told them my errand; which was, that I intended to sleep there that night. "By no means!" was the answer, it was utterly impossible; the whole house was full, and all their beds engaged; and, as I had come so far, I might even as well walk on the "remaining five miles to Oxford."

Being very hungry, I requested that, at least, they would give me something to eat. To this they answered, that, as I could not stay all night there, it would be more proper for me to sup where I lodged; and so I might go on.

At length, quite humbled by the untowardness of my circumstances, I asked for a pot of beer, and that they did vouchsafe to give me, for ready money only: but a bit of bread, to eat with it (for which also I would willingly have paid) they peremptorily refused me.

Such unparallelled inhospitality I really could not have expected in an English inn: but, resolving with a kind of spiteful indignation, to see how far

(*Continued on a later page*)

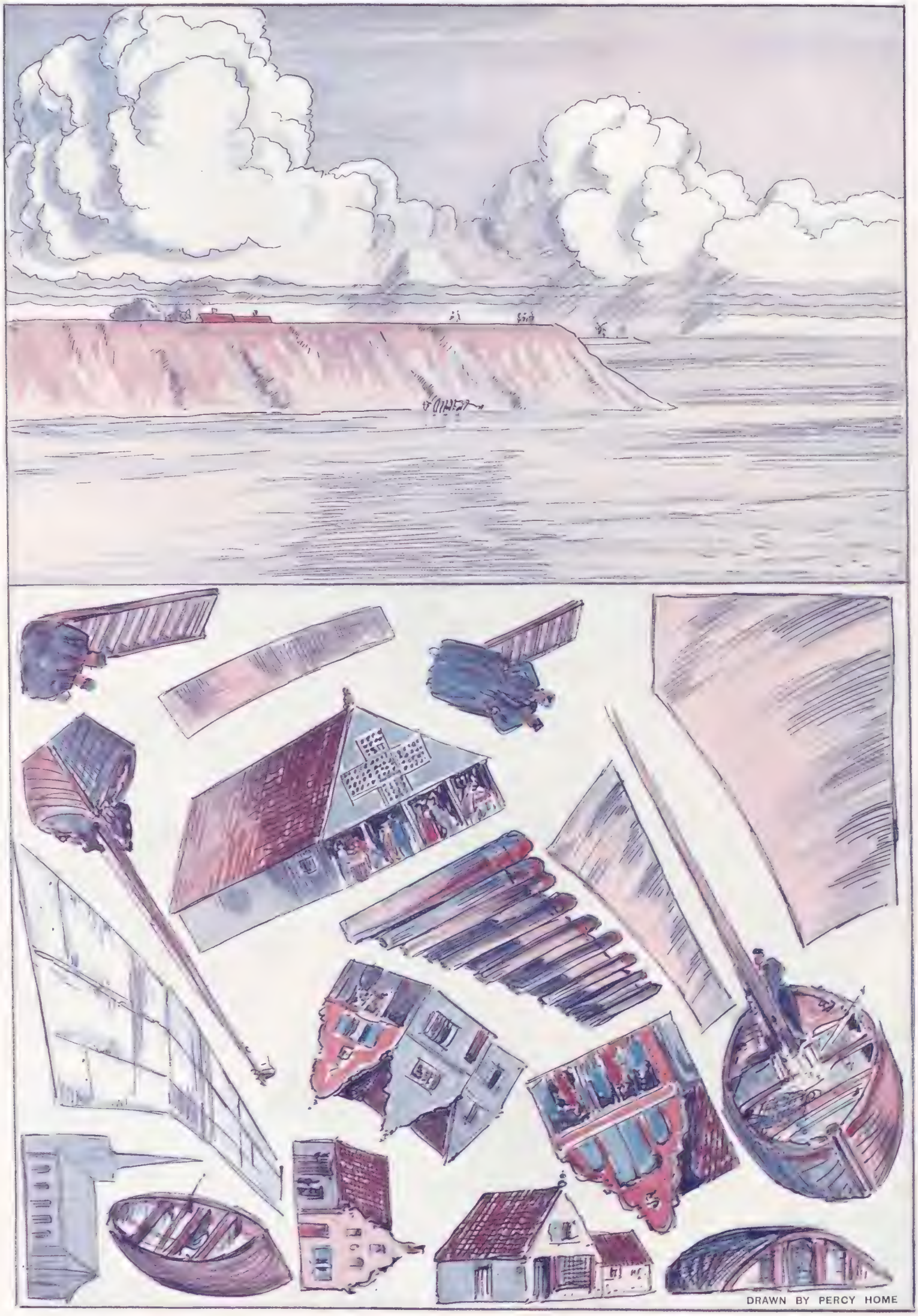
"All the makings of a merry party"

Mackintosh's

Everybody's Favourites

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX, ENGLAND

A PICTORIAL COMPETITION: For Old and Young



Previous pictorial competitions have been such a success that the Editor is offering another one to his readers this year. The upper portion of this page shows a Dutch scene of dyke and water; a fishing village should occupy the front of the picture. The lower portion of the page contains the various component parts of the buildings and boats which, when placed in position, will cover all the distant view. These portions should be cut out and pasted upon the upper view in the positions which the competitor thinks to be most suitable and logical. One portion may overlap another. The finished picture is based upon an actual scene, so that the various pieces should fall into their natural places. Three prizes will be given for the best solutions of this pictorial competition. The First Prize, £5; the Second Prize, £3; and the Third Prize, £2. Post your solutions to the Competition Editor, "The Sphere" Office, 346, Strand, W.C., not later than January 11, 1934. The decision of the Editor in every case is final.

Christmas
The time for good things
Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes
Christmas Greetings
Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year
Player's Medium Cigarettes
IN DECORATED XMAS PACKINGS
150 TIN ...7'3
100 " ...4'10
100 FIVE-20 PACKETS 4'9½
50 TIN ...2'6
Player's
NGC 187

Again that slow, sad smile.

"Were you ever in love with Regina Regis?"

"Once."

"And it was no good?"

"It was *never* any good."

"Then you know what it is like!"

"Yes, my dear."

She slipped her arm in his a minute. Her small face looked pathetic in its misery.

"I'm *so* sorry."

"Thank you, my dear. One gets over things."

"Quite."

"Never perhaps quite," he admitted. "But Life goes on."

He took her to a jeweller's. A little shop. Prim. The glitter was stowed away in velvet cases.

"This man," Elf's escort explained, "knows more about diamonds than any other dealer in Europe."

You could see that when he handled the gems. They were a lover's hands. You could hear it in his voice as he extolled the merits of the stones.

They saw bracelets that were wrought like glittering gates. Scrolls and bars and spikes of diamonds. They saw a bracelet of buttercups and daisies. Simple, milkmaidish inspiration at ten thousand pounds. They saw chains of gleaming fleur de lis. At last, when the whole counter glittered and gave off sparks of cool, lovely fire, they found a little bracelet that utterly satisfied him. It looked like a chain of small, clear dewdrops.

It cost £1,200.

He bought it.

He slipped it on her wrist. Her hand trembled. She could not speak. Even outside she could only squeak.

"*Really* for me?"

She was entirely and absolutely overcome.

When he left her the tired little man drove back to a quiet, exclusive little hotel.

He said to the quiet exclusive hall porter.

"Has Madame returned yet?"

"Assuredly! An hour ago. She is in her suite, sir."

A silent lift carried him up to the corridor of his private suite. It was cluttered with luggage. A French maid coped. She paused to smile at him.

"A good crossing, Arlette?"

"Excellent, Monsieur."

"And Madame?"

"Divine! We had fifty-two baskets of flowers last night. *Quel reception!* She has friends, Monsieur."

"So I hear."

Parrot house! Always the same noise in different hotels all over the world. Always on the same loud, rich, excited note. Adulation. He could see Regina drinking it with her ears and eyes; slaking that awful, insatiable thirst and hunger, and applause that nothing could ever appease, not even those two poor fools killing themselves!!!

He entered the room quietly. A large and lovely creature was draped in a white satin négligé on the sofa. Her hair was snow white. It rioted over her large, divinely shaped head in hundreds of small natural curls. It was an enchanting coiffure. The hair, which was bleached, did not look it. For the exclusive use of the secret formula which had achieved this result the divine Regina Regis had set an Italian hairdresser up in business just off Bond Street.

She blew kisses at him.

"Ah! cher! how nice to see you again! We had a marvellous week! They say Paris is dead! Angel, not for me! We turned people away. Tell me, now! quickly! quickly! that man Boris put us on to; the orchestra leader in that club 'The Painted Cupboard.' Has he anything to give?"

"A genius, I think."

"No!" Her blue eyes beamed, applauded, glittered, flattered softly. "My husband is *never* wrong! Never! He has a nose for talent. His opera? Is it as Boris said?"

"I only heard bits. They were remarkable!"

"And he? Presentable?"

"Beautiful."

"Young?"

"Quite young."

Everyone in the room knew how it would be. A new composer with a romantic background, young, unknown, handsome!

"Married?"

"No."

"He would conduct his own orchestra, his own composition?"

"He would insist."

"Then if we go to San Francisco in March?"

"He could go too."

She walked to the piano. She gave little trills. Laughed in high, sweet gay music.

"God," she said, "has always been good to me and my voice."

They marvelled in murmurs.

III.

THE reception clerk stopped Elf Dickers as she was going into "The Painted Cupboard."

"You look lovely in blue, Elf," he said. "I don't think I've seen you wear it before."

"It's new."

"I know that." He paused. "You never wore a new glove unless I noticed."

"Nice of you."

"Habit."

His quiet, kind eyes brooded over her a moment.

"Elf. It gets worse. Not better. Every day I love you more and think of you more."

"Please, Ralph."

"All right." He paused. "A funny chap stopped for a chat last night. Gave me a card. Said they'd give me a job. They're the biggest rubber producers in the world. If they do . . ."

"Well?"

He looked at her dumbly, his heart in his honest eyes.

"Aren't you fed with this dump?"

"I am."

"But Lip's in it?"

"That's about the size of it."

He said:

"I forgot to wish you . . . happy Christmas, Elf dear. I brought you a little gift. They aren't real. I wish they were."

"Oh Ralph darling! how sweet of you to remember me."

"I sometimes think I wouldn't if I could help it."

"I'm sorry I've . . . hurt you so."

She turned away, the little box he had given her in her hand.

In the artistes' dressing room she opened it and examined his gift. It was a small

(*Continued on a later page*)

A Good Girl Deserves Good Diamonds

(*contd. from p. 20*) *by* Christine Jope-Slade

Designed by Wallace Wood

SWEET as magnolia; and as jasmine sweet,
Thou songful source of the Magnificat!
Elected vessel, vase of alabaster,
Urn hallowed by the attar of the Godhood.
Irradiated cloud that cloaked the Light:
Mother-of-Pearl, shell secret of the deep
Enfolding pearl desired of all the seas:
Matrix wherein was seamed such precious ore,
Such treasure, as made dross of all our gold;
Pray for us, thou of the Magnificat.

ANEMONE of Judah, lowly windflower
Swept by the spirit!
Flower of Judea; ever-blowing rose;
Sweet blossom with thy sweeter bud allure
These wingéd worms, these creatures of the earth
By inbreathed soul, uplifted and bewinged.
Beckon with honey and entice with scent;
To golden core of fragrance charm our flight.
Oh! jasmine-sweet, oh! sweet as blowing-rose
Pray for us, thou of the Magnificat.

Violet Clifton.

A MODERN MISTLETOE BOW

Drawn by Hailstone

Freddy says he will hide: he glances at the suit of armour; no, the chest is better. He gets in. "What a time they are"; falls asleep. Dreams that the man in armour locks him in. The guests, grown very old in the search, at last find his skeleton. He awakes, and dislodges a scared couple. "Oh! it's Freddy"—and all is merriment.

Gossip Through the Ages

By PATRICK BALFOUR

(Continued from page 15)

died. Others that he was starved to death. Some years later a poor man travelling in the West of Scotland was recognised as the deposed king by a sister-in-law of the Lord of the Isles who had once met him in Ireland. What could be more far-fetched than that? Certainly the Scottish Government paid an allowance for some time to a person who claimed to be Richard. However, the sceptical English said he was nothing of the sort, but a certain Thomas Warde, of Trumpington—though how they got this idea is a mystery. Gossip again.

There came the Renaissance. The Renaissance meant a good many things, like the revival of art and architecture. But mainly it meant the Renaissance of gossip. How it buzzed round Henry VIII and those wives of his! How long would this one last? Who would be the next? But even this was nothing to the gossipy speculations that centred on Queen Elizabeth. The Elizabethan Age was the Golden Age of gossip. There was no fighting; Elizabeth saw to that. And in peace time what else is there to talk about but other people's business!

Few people had seen Elizabeth before she drove in state from Hatfield for her coronation. But already she had a tremendous gossip reputation. All Europe knew of her Spartan habits and attire. She was said to be prodigiously learned; Roger Ascham had seen to that. Oh, yes, she was a clever one and no mistake, who loved to make mischief and knew how to squeeze out of trouble like an eel. There would be some fine goings-on with her on the throne.

And was there ever such an eligible debutante? Before even Mary was dead Philip of Spain was after her. What else was Feria, that Ambassador of his, doing in London but scouting round to see how the matrimonial wind blew. Oh, yes, Philip was after her *and no* mistake. But he wasn't the only one. Not by any means. Bookmakers published odds in the City on the Royal Matrimonial Stakes. There were plenty of starters and the betting ran higher with each cargo of presents from abroad. No gossip concerning the matrimonial intentions of the Prince of Wales to-day could come anywhere near it.

Who was in the running?

But as Elizabeth's reign wore on it seemed that she preferred lovers to husbands. No one could pretend that Leicester had brains, but he was as virile as you make 'em. And there were others. There was Hatton, who looked his best in a galliard; Heneage, tall and dark and handsome; de Vere, a dashing fellow in the tiltyard; young Blount, who blushed so charmingly when the Queen looked at him. The older she got the younger she liked 'em. That young Essex had a nerve! He could talk to the Queen in a way no one else dared, and get away with it too. Of course they had rows, which the Court gossips followed with avidity. There was the time when Lady Warwick rashly asked Lady Dorothy, Essex's sister, to stay, when the Queen was in the same house-party. Lady D., owing to a clandestine marriage, was not received at Court; so the Queen ordered her to keep to her room. Essex was furious with Elizabeth and as good as told her so. He flung out of the house at midnight, and rode off to the coast, determined to embark for Holland and fight in the war. But the Queen had him intercepted and brought back to favour. She liked being treated rough.

Another time she suspected him of carrying on with a debutante called Lady Mary Howard, who appeared one day in an expensive new velvet and gold model. Elizabeth pinched the dress from Lady M.'s wardrobe and appeared in it herself next day, covering Lady M. with confusion.

Charles II's goings-on gave rise to plenty of scandal. It was only just after Charles's honeymoon, writes Pepys, that Lady Castlemaine's first child was born and christened Charles, with the King for his godfather. Lady C. left her husband, and Charles went to her. What talk there was! After weeks of wrangling and protesting—it spread all round London, via Pepys, that angry voices had been heard from the Royal nuptial chamber—the Queen decided to lump it, make the best of a bad job.

Gossip, in the period of the Restoration, damaged more reputations than at any other time in history.

But it was in the eighteenth century that it reached the apotheosis of malice. Most of the great writers of the eighteenth century were gossip-writers: Swift, Addison, Boswell, all the dramatists, even the poets. Pope, who wrote that "the proper study of mankind is man," brought lots of nasty little scandalous illusions into his poems, notably directed against Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, that arch "cat," whose gossip, expressed often in poetry according to the fashion of the time, was more malicious than witty. She did many charming things. She ruined the reputation of poor Miss Baillie, of Jerviswood, by publishing, in the form of a "poetical epistle," the tale of how one of her father's footmen forced his way into her room at night, declared his passion for Miss Baillie—and what happened afterwards.

Horace Walpole was a tremendous old gossip. His letters are full of passages like:

"By the way, was ever anything so terrible as Lord Holderness's face? Poor Lady Ancram's will be as bad in a twelvemonth. She, the Duke of Kingston, Lord Middlesex and Lady Albemarle are dreadfully altered. You can't think what an alteration towards old I find in my acquaintance."

Drawn by Hookway Cowles

Gossip in Georgian days: "I dined at Kensington. There was no one besides the Princess except Lady ——. We dined off mutton and onions and I thought Lady —— would have dégobbiléd with the coarseness of the food."

After a gossipy par about the execution of the rebel lords of the '45 he remarks:

> "My Lady Townshend, who fell in love with Lord Kilmarnock at his trial, will go nowhere to dinner, for fear of meeting with a rebel pie; she says everybody is so bloody-minded that they eat rebels."

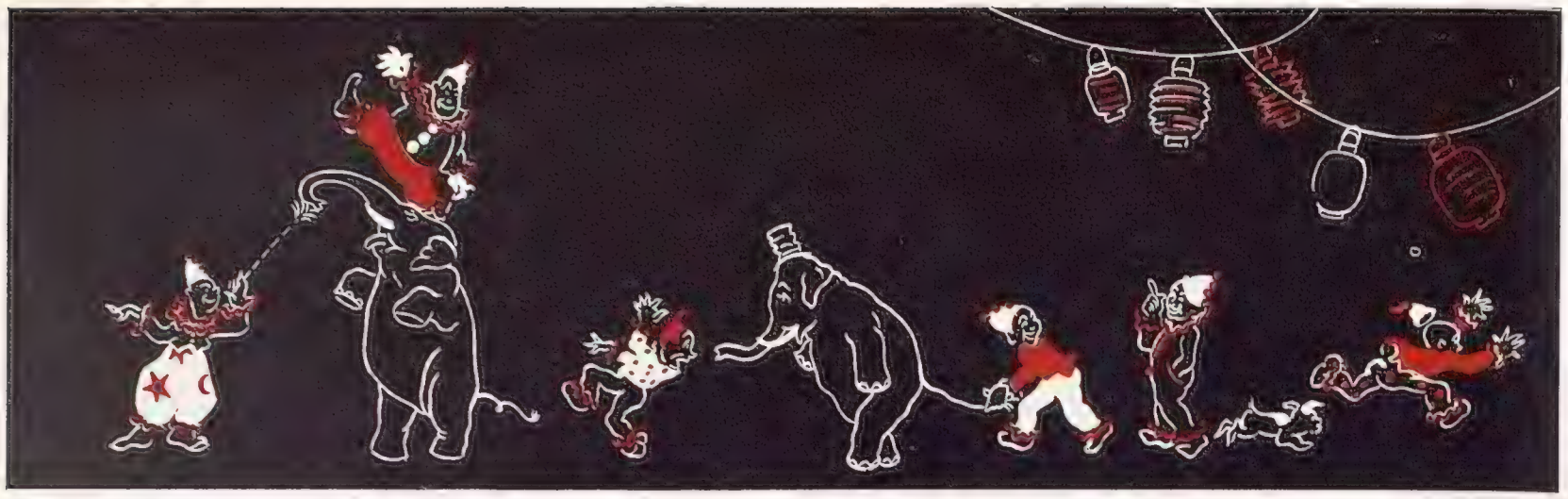
Other diarists gossip away about Queen Caroline. Lord Malmesbury recalls George IV's first meeting with her when he was still Prince of Wales. On contemplating her he "turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment and calling to me said: 'Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy.'" Lady Charlotte Bury sheds some gossipy sidelights on the same unprepossessing lady:

> "I dined at Kensington. There was no one besides the Princess except Lady ——. We dined off mutton and onions and I thought Lady —— would have *dégobbiléd* with the coarseness of the food and the horror of seeing the Princess eat to satiety."

The Regent, her husband, excited every sort of gossip, over which Creevey smacks his lips, with his goings-on at Brighton. Just so had Beau Nash, half a century before, when he "created" Bath as Cornuchet subsequently "created" Deauville. But it would fill a whole Christmas number to record all the gossip of the eighteenth century, the lampoons and the libels published by the newspapers, such as no newspaper could print to-day.

• • •

From Generation to Generation —
Dewar's



A DREAM CIRCUS

Drawn by Dorothy Glover

THE PRICE OF A SONG

*

by

Phyllis Austin

*

"THAT'S it! We've got it!" Billy Marsden cried as Margot banged out the last two chords of his new song. He kissed her excitedly on the top of her head as she sat at the old, dilapidated piano. "That's the best I've ever done. Play it again."

From the none too clear manuscript, Margot obliged once more. Billy shot again into ecstasies: "I shall make a whole heap of dough out of this, you'll see. Gosh! New York'll go crazy over it. . . . They'll all be singing it." And he sang, lustily, the last two lines of the refrain to emphasise what New York would soon be doing.

Margot had been through all this before, but this time she thought he might have hit the nail on the head. He had been successful in getting two songs published by a small firm. They had not met with any great success chiefly because of their being swamped by more popular music; stuff with a kick, as Wolheim, the publisher, put it.

Now, this kick, pep, punch, or what you will, was the great sore spot in Billy's life.

He had health; he had a small pension from a relation, which paid for his room; he had a good appearance; but best of all he had the most wonderful girl in the world in love with him; all this he had, but not one ounce of kick in his music; and he knew, only too well, that with that kick, pep, punch, or what you will, all the foregoing possessions could be rendered a thousand times more enjoyable.

*

Billy Marsden had struggled with his music for a long time and had succeeded in getting the two published songs sung by a friend in an uptown cinema, but they were never heard beyond that. He had great faith in advertisement . . . that was all he needed, he said all day, but for the life of him could see no way, without money, of foisting his wares on to a deaf public till it was forced to sing his songs in self-defence.

Billy again kissed Margot's hair, that soft, curly, red hair which crowned her like a flaming torch.

"This is *it*, darling," he said, "this is the goods. I'll write it out again decently now, and this afternoon we'll take it to old Wolheim. He won't talk to me about kick any more." And he again sang the last two lines, loudly emphasising the popular twist by which he set such store.

Old Wolheim was out of town, they were told, but would be back in two days time. Billy left his song with instructions for it to be given to Mr. Wolheim the moment he returned.

And now the business of sitting down to await his fate began all over again. He was used to it, and with Margot to help him, he could face day upon day of barren mails. Sooner or later would come that extra push under the door which meant the reappearance of the large envelope he had enclosed for the return of his song should it not meet with approval. . . or, in place of the large envelope, an ordinary one enclosing an appointment for him to meet the publisher.

Feverishly he listened and watched for the mail, but after two weeks had elapsed he still had no news of his song, "Winter Love."

Margot played the violin in a small but popular café on the East side. Many times she had tried to get the sour-faced Miss Boyle, the head of the ladies' orchestra, to do some of Billy's music there, but with no success.

"We must do popular stuff," she said. "When your boy friend gets known a bit we can give him a show."

Margot sighed. Everything seemed to be against them. If no one ever gave him a chance, she could see no reason why he should ever be known.

*

But Margot was to learn that it could take away and give equally well.

Then one day a letter came for Billy, but it was not from the publisher. He, however, had sent it on, for it had been originally addressed to the firm.

Billy read it, then crashed across the corridor to Margot's room.

"Read this . . . read this," he cried excitedly.

Margot read. It contained a statement that Cora Ray, the radio singer, would, on the following Tuesday, sing the two songs that had already been published. But it was in the last line that the joy lay:

"I think they are very charming. There is something new in them which appeals to me very much."

"How wonderful, Billy!" Margot cried. "And look, she has signed it herself!

"Now, you know what you must do, darling," continued Margot, "You must write and thank her. Say you've always wanted to hear her sing them more than anyone you've ever heard sing. You know . . . butter her up. I expect she's oldish and will like it."

"She's a contralto. Sounds a bit on the wrong side of thirty to me, but she has a very fine voice. Do you remember her singing that night we were at Bert's?"

"Yes. And we'll have to go to Bert's again."

"Never mind," Billy said. "I shall be able to get a radio soon now. This is sure to lead to something."

"Anyhow, it's advertisement, and that always leads to something."

Between then and the following Tuesday, they were in the seventh heaven of joy. They went to the movies twice, and had two reckless fifty cent blue-plate dinners out, instead of cooking in their own rooms; they brought back hot dogs and devoured them while they poured over the piano trying out new ideas. They had almost forgotten the song, "Winter Love," that they had taken to the publisher. So that when, on Monday, a large envelope was pushed under Billy's door he was able to bear the shock better than if he had no other iron in the fire. In any case he might send it to Cora Ray later on.

Bert Jones, a kind man, fonder of his food than of music, was only too glad to have them in to listen to his radio. Billy reflected that it was distinctly ironical that Bert should be able to afford the one thing that did not mean half as much to him as the onion soup he was drinking when the happy couple entered.

"Bit late to-night," he said. "Hope you don't mind onions with your song."

Cora Ray sang two other songs first, for which Billy was thankful, as it gave Bert time to have done with the carnal joys of this world and settle to the more peaceful and less noisome business of listening.

At last the two songs were announced, the composer's name mentioned, which set Billy and Margot pinching each other with joy, and then Cora's deep beautiful voice came over the air . . . came over singing one of Billy's songs! It was almost unbelievable, and only the prosaic click of Bert's toothpick, dealing with the dental aftermath of his supper, kept the lovers chained to earth and reality.

It was over. Billy looked wild with joy and Margot radiant. Bert said:

"I prefer something more goey, myself. You know, something with a——."

"Kick . . . we know," Billy interrupted. "Well, it isn't everyone who wants kicks. Personally, I've had enough kicks," he added, laughing.

Billy did not write to Cora Ray as at first suggested by Margot. He had thought it better to wait till she had sung them, and then to write with the enthusiastic praise that he was sure she would not be able to resist.

*

The result of this letter was even better than he had hoped for. Cora Ray, in her answer, thanked him and invited him to call on her the following afternoon, bringing with him any further songs he would like her to see.

This meant another blue-plate that evening over which Billy and Margot rushed into wild dreams of the future. Undoubtedly Cora Ray was going to make him famous. Here, at last, was the longed-for advertisement.

"And all free," Margot said. "Cost you nothing."

But the price had already been set.

It was a perfect spring afternoon when Billy set out for Cora Ray's apartment. Margot had duly run him over with her critical eye when he had called in at the restaurant where she played. He was looking particularly smart in a new spring suit, procured after much waiting. She was proud of him, and noticed the looks of envy on the other girls' faces. Even Miss Boyle gave him a thin look of admiration. When Margot told her where Billy was going, she tried not to look impressed. "Old hag!" thought Margot. "She'll have to play this stuff before long now."

(*Continued on page* 48.)

The present that earns a really genuine "thank you"

Shirts by

VANTELLA

ZEPHYR **9/3**

Collars to match by

VAN HEUSEN

10/6 POPLIN DE LUXE

1/3 EACH

ADVERTISEMENT OF COTELLA, LTD., 72-73 FORE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

Vantella Shirts and Van Heusen Collars are entirely British

COLOURED STEREOSCOPES

of the Fifty's and Sixty's

Made in what must have been an unconscious prototype of the Film Studio

ART EMBELLISHES NATURE

The young person on the right is coyly holding a hoop of flowers about her head while her swain looks on with admiration.

THE MUSIC LESSON

The two daughters are being taught a duet by a not unimpressionable tutor. But Mama is there as a chaperone, seated watchfully by the piano.

THE MAZES OF THE WALTZ

The gentlemen have a romantic Italian air, while their partners all wear the wide crinoline skirts of the fifty's and sixty's.

THE PRICE OF A SONG

by Phyllis Austin

(*Continued from page 46.*)

Billy was ushered into a large room, which to all appearances was a studio. But a studio of music, not painting. Almost with awe he glanced at the beautiful Steinway piano. There were valuable old screens and some good old furniture about. A brilliant shawl was draped across one of the sofas. He told himself that one day he and Margot would have a room like this. Here he could compose music worth while, as well as popular airs.

The door opened and a tall, slender woman stood looking at him. She shut the door and advanced with outstretched hand.

Billy did not show the surprise he felt at her appearance. This was not the woman he had pictured in his mind. From the deep contralto voice he had heard over the air he had visioned a deep-bosomed large woman of any age between thirty-five and forty. But here, stepping towards him, was a slender slip of a girl, warm, dark, with a far too kissable mouth for one's peace of mind.

"How do you do," she said easily. "You're not a bit what I expected to see." She laughed as she spoke.

Billy caught the ease of her manner.

*

"And you're not what *I* expected to see," he replied.

"Oh? And what did you expect?"

He hesitated.

"Well," he said at last, "*you* know . . . an operatic figure"—he demonstrated large outlines with his hands—"and much more of the sere and yellow leaf."

"Same here. You're only a boy."

Billy felt a call for dignity.

"I'm engaged to be married," he said impressively.

"Oh, you'll soon grow out of that," Cora laughed. "Now to business. What have you brought me?"

Together they went through the songs he had brought. Billy was enraptured with the way this young girl, apart from her lovely voice, could read anything at sight. She insisted on playing them. There was nothing she could not play and sing right off the moment she saw it. She was a born musician, and her golden voice, deep, warm and clinging, wrapped him round so that he forgot everything, but just the small space which held him and this beautiful sound.

She liked most of his songs, but her criticism was that he still had far better stuff in him.

"You are capable of something that will set all the world singing," she said with bright eyes. "It's a matter of mood. You need the incentive to move you. You're too young yet."

Billy smiled.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as though I were in a bassinette."

"Young in experience, I mean. Still, that will come. You must live if you are going to create. All art demands it." She then turned to the songs on the piano. "I'll keep these two and see what I can do. Meanwhile come and see me again. What about dinner on Thursday?"

*

"I should love to. Thanks," Billy replied, thrilled. He must have made a howling success for her to ask him like that. My! Wouldn't Margot be excited when she heard.

He made his way straight to the little restaurant. It was four o'clock. The ladies' orchestra closed down from four till seven. He was just in time to catch Margot as she was leaving.

"Come and have some tea," he said. "I've marvellous news."

"Didn't she give you tea? What a mean old thing!"

As they walked along to their pet little tea haunt Billy told her all that had transpired at Cora Ray's.

"And she's asked me to dinner on Thursday," he told her. "So she's not mean. And I was surprised to find her young."

"Young? Is she? And pretty, too?" Margot was only interested in Cora for what might come out of the acquaintance.

"Yes. She's some lass, Margot. She's got a lovely studio place. I should like you to see it."

"Perhaps she'll ask me up there some time. Did you tell her about me?"

(*Continued on page 50.*)

A DRESS REHEARSAL

From an original etching by Diana Thorne

THE REVOKE

From an original etching by E. van Abbé

THE PRICE OF A SONG

by Phyllis Austin

(*Continued from page* 48.)

" Sure. I told her I was engaged to be married."

" And what did she say ? "

Billy was silent for a moment. He could hardly tell her Cora's exact words : " Oh, you'll soon grow out of that." He'd have to think of something else.

" She seemed interested," he said. " But we set to work almost at once," he added, lamely.

Billy went several times to Cora Ray's to dinner, but Margot was still uninvited. She couldn't understand it. She had contrived to buy a new dress for the occasion should it ever materialise. But it never did. Instead Billy composed more songs and ran straight away with them to Cora, not resting till he had heard her beautiful voice charging them with that extra lustre that she alone could give. At last Margot grew impatient.

" I wonder if I am ever going to meet her," she said one evening to Billy. " You promise, but nothing ever comes of it."

" Well, I can't ask her here, and I can't afford to take you both out, and she doesn't ask you up there . . . so what *can* I do ? "

" I see. Doesn't want to meet me, you think ? "

" Don't be silly, dear."

" You do still love me, don't you, Billy ? " Margot asked in sudden panic.

" Of course. You mustn't worry, Margot. I'm going to make heaps of dough, you'll see. I can't if you get het up every time I go out."

She had to be content with that and the kiss he gave her . . . such a hurried kiss . . . his thoughts so obviously somewhere else all the time.

*

To do him justice, Billy had struggled to keep Margot's pale beautiful face and flaming hair before his conscience, but without success. Cora's beauty was burning him up. She had him on a string now, and was making him dance to his own music. Her warm, experienced personality enveloped him like a cloak. He was her slave and her every wish had become law to him. So that one night, when he lay in her arms and she said she had a lovely surprise for him, he could not rest until he had heard what it was. When he knew, Margot's face came before him for the first time that evening.

" Just you and I," Cora was saying. " A lovely tour in England."

" Go . . . with you ? " He couldn't believe his ears.

" Yes. You shall go as my accompanist. It will be a sort of honeymoon."

" But . . . . "

" There are no ' buts,' little man. Don't you want to go ? "

" More than anything in the world."

" And from a business point of view, you couldn't have a better advertisement. And that is what you need."

Billy hid his face in her warm neck. The scent of her hair went to his head. To go away with her, and at the same time to be making his work known ! Was any man ever given such a chance ? Was there a man living who would reject such happiness and opportunity ?

*

" Then you'll come ? " she breathed softly.

" I'll come."

He was at a loss how to break the news to Margot. He could not deal her the double blow of his change of heart and his departure on a tour with Cora. He decided to acquaint her with the tour news first.

" England ! " she cried. " But that's over three thousand miles away. I couldn't bear it, Billy." She clung to him suddenly as though he were already standing with one foot on the boat. " Can't I come with you ? I've saved a little . . . I could draw that out."

" No, Margot. You must be brave. Go on with your work. You'll do something better than that orchestra stunt one day, I'm sure."

" But, Billy ! " Her tone was terror-stricken. " You talk as though you weren't coming back. If it is going to do you the good you say, then we can be married, can't we ? "

Billy looked into the deep blue eyes. He could not bring himself to tell her. Not then. For one moment he wished he had never set eyes on Cora Ray. All his young, innocent happiness had vanished. But he must go. His work demanded it. He swallowed this sop to his conscience, and patted Margot's arm kindly.

" I'll make a fortune, you must think of that," he said.

Then her honesty stepped in and shamed him.

" I'm jealous, terribly jealous of this woman," she said. " Do promise me you won't forget me . . . oh, promise."

" I promise."

And he meant it. He would not forget her, he was sure. Even now when Cora kissed him he found himself, unwillingly 'tis true, remembering her. But he did not love her any more. It was Cora now. It would always be Cora. He could not tell her that. He was a coward, he knew. He could not face the havoc that his renouncing of her would cause. It was not vanity on his part that told him this. He knew how much she cared.

The packing and general excitement of preparing for a voyage over, the day for departure arrived. It took some time and tact to prevent Margot from going down to the docks to see Billy on to the boat. Only because he begged her, did she consent to part from him in her little room. When he had gone, and the spot where he had been standing knew him no more, Margot flung herself on to her bed in a paroxysm of weeping. His farewell had been unsatisfactory . . . his kiss cold.

Then she knew.

She had been waiting a long time for his first letter. He had promised to mail it from Cherbourg. When she returned from a long day of playing the music she used to love, but which now only added to her loneliness, she found the letter on her table. On her way upstairs her landlady had informed her : " A letter from your boy. I bet he's lonely without you."

Margot held the envelope in her hand for a moment. She was afraid to open it. The chill of his last kiss was still with her. There was an unfriendly feeling about this envelope. At last she tore it open.

" It's no use writing you of anything but what is uppermost in my mind," she read. " I am madly in love with Cora and can never come back to you. I am not worthy of your love. Please forget me."

" Billy."

So this was the end. She was no longer allowed to love him ; no longer allowed to be a participant in his success. It was not his money but the joy and loving pride of his success of which she was thinking.

After she had paced the floor in muttering agony for some time, Margot sat on the bed and thought grimly what " advertisement " had done for her. If only Cora Ray had never sung the songs . . . if only he had never written her . . . and at her, Margot's, suggestion too ! What manner of woman could she be who could steal a man like that ? Somehow, Margot could not blame Billy. Women were so wicked. When they wanted any particular man, they snatched at him and more often than not, threw him away when they had done with him. If only she weren't so far away from him. If he needed her help, she would never know. She knew his pride. It would never let him find her again. There was nothing for it but to drag on for a bit and pretend that all was well.

She bore, with fortitude, the questions of her landlady and the girls in the little orchestra. Billy was well, she told them, and going to make his fortune. In time she had settled down to a humdrum existence of dull work, very little poor food, and feverish, sleepless nights.

It is doubtful whether Margot could have carried on much longer with her work while her health was all going to pieces in this manner. But it so happened that at the end of one long, hot, tiring day, luck looked at her over the cold shoulder that it had for so long turned towards her.

The restaurant had been very full that night. The little orchestra had played well and received much applause. So that when Margot saw an elderly man walk up to the platform and speak to Miss Boyle she imagined he was congratulating her on her team work, or making a request for some fancied melody. She was surprised, therefore, when Miss Boyle indicated her and sent the stranger to her.

He smiled :

" Miss Margot Dane, I believe," he said. His manner was a little stilted. " May I have a word with you ? Perhaps you will come down and have something with me ? "

When he saw her bewildered look with a touch of offended dignity about it, he hastened to reassure her.

" It's a business talk I want with you. It won't take more than a few minutes."

The other girls watched Margot with envy as she sat at a distant table with the elderly attractive man. They wondered who and what he

(*Continued on page* 52.)

" Is it all worth while ? "

" I feel inclined to give up the struggle "

" Oh, never mind : things might be worse "

THREE STUDIES of a beautiful little French doll. . . .

WHEN KING FROST HOLDS SWAY IN HOLLAND

JOLLY HOURS ON THE ICE

A group off Marken

BOYS ENJOY A SPIN ON THE FROZEN HARBOUR

GREAT SPORT THIS LAD HAS WITH HIS ICE-CRAFT ON THE ZUIDER ZEE

PREPARING FOR A SPIN ON THE ZUIDER ZEE

These Volendam girls have thrown off their clogs and are preparing to skate in their stockinged feet

THE PRICE OF A SONG

by Phyllis Austin

(*Continued from page 50.*)

could be. Having no one to give them supper, they had to leave her there with the hope of hearing all about it the next day.

"It's getting late and I'm sure you must be tired," Mr. Taylor said kindly as Margot nibbled at her sandwich. "The point is, would you be willing to accept an engagement in Chicago? The same sort of thing you are doing now, only on a bigger and better scale."

"Chicago!" Margot cried.

"Yes. Too far?"

Too far . . . when she was willing to go three times that distance to England. . . .

"Oh, no. But why do you want me? I'm only playing second fiddle here," she said, and smiled sadly at the hidden truth of her words.

"I know that you are a good and reliable musician," he replied. "Furthermore, you have the hair I've been hunting for all over the place. Whenever I did come across it, the owner played the harp or flute or anything but the violin. But to-night I've struck lucky."

Margot told herself that this was an absurd dream and that she would soon wake up and laugh at it. But she leant forward and said: "Do explain."

"On the lake front a new restaurant is opening. The proprietor has set his heart on a red-headed ladies' orchestra. It will be called 'The Red-Heads.' With you it will be complete. Eight of them. Will you come?"

Surely here was a way out. New life . . . new city . . . new work. . . .

"I'll come. When do you want me?"

"At once. I'll arrange with the management here." He looked at her hair. "I can't believe my luck," he added. "I think 'The Red-Heads' a good idea, don't you? It'll be a marvellous advertisement."

"I suppose so."

"And there is nothing like advertisement, if you ask me."

"It's only brought me sorrow," she said softly.

Mr. Taylor guessed that there was some pretty big trouble in this girl's life. He thought of his own daughter at home, loved, pampered, and spoilt.

"Nine cases out of ten it brings success," he said. "If it has brought you sorrow once, next time it will bring you happiness. Now you see if I'm not right." He patted her arm kindly. His gentleness brought tears to her eyes, as all kindness did these days.

The new restaurant opened with enormous success, more than half of which was due to the excellent work of The Red-Heads. They were a wonderfully matched eight. All flame-crowned Titan beauties. In their apple-green evening gowns they were certainly striking to the eye.

Besides The Red-Heads, the management treated their clients to a special feature every Sunday evening. A violinist, a pianist or a singer.

Margot's feelings can be hazarded as her eyes fell on a placard outside the restaurant four months later on which stared the name "CORA RAY" . . . In small letters beneath was printed "and her accompanist."

What should she do? She looked again at the small print. Not much advertisement for Billy in that. Not even his name anywhere. Cora was a selfish artist, it seemed. Margot had almost decided to feign sickness on the morrow when all Mr. Taylor's kindness came to her. There was no one to take her place. She couldn't let him down. Well, there was safety in numbers, she had heard. It was hardly likely that she would be noticed any more than the other Red-Heads. They stood as a massed, and not individual attraction. Also, they sat in a little room where they changed, just off the platform, when the special feature was on, so she stood a good chance of escaping Billy's eye.

On the other side of the platform was another small ante-room where the manager received his special artistes and where they removed their coats.

There was terrific excitement amongst the Red-Heads, for they had all heard Cora Ray on the wireless but had never seen her. One of them had heard the manager say that the accompanist was a composer and that Miss Ray was going to try out some original songs of his as yet unpublished.

"She might at least have his name on the bills," one of the girls remarked. "They're all the same, these well-known artistes. Grab and steal everything; don't you agree, Margot?"

"Everything," Margot replied with such emphasis that the girl looked at her pale face anxiously.

"Anything wrong, Margot?"

"No. I'm all right."

They were waiting to take their places on the platform. Margot hoped that Billy would not be anywhere within sight. Not that she had the courage to look round.

The moment she dreaded at last arrived. The Red-Heads were crowding at the door of the little room; looking on to the platform, awaiting the appearance of Cora Ray. Margot stood at the back looking over their shoulders. Her heart was beating so that she was afraid the others would hear it.

There she was. Margot experienced a twist of pain as she realised the warm beauty of the woman on the platform. A murmur of admiration escaped her companions. And now for Billy. Margot held her breath. The blood pulsed in her temples so that she was afraid she would not be able to see him.

A tall, slim man crossed the platform and sat down at the piano.

It was not Billy!

Margot left the others crowding round the door, and went and sat down to recover herself. Where was Billy? Left alone in England? She must know. This woman would have to tell her. She rocked to and fro, her soul crushed under the bigger shock of not seeing him. Through it all came Cora's beautiful, passionate voice singing . . . then applause, thunderous applause from the diners. The girls at the door applauded too.

Cora sang twice, each time with amazing success. Now, after the applause had died down, Margot heard her voice speaking. She went to the door again and listened.

"I shall now sing a song that Mr. Reed"—here she turned and bowed to her accompanist—"composed in the train two days ago. I think you'll all agree that it will be the rage before long. It has no title as yet."

Margot wondered if she had ever given Billy such a chance as this, such advertisement. Sick at heart she returned to her chair. The next moment she was sitting bolt upright, her face blanched, her hands gripped together in her lap.

Those four fine opening chords she had herself played dozens of times. Was she dreaming? She rose and joined the others again. Cora was singing now . . . was singing Billy's "Winter Love."

The other Red-Heads were suddenly aware of Margot pressing against them, breathing heavily. Her eyes were flaming, her lips open as though she were about to shout.

The first refrain was over and some enthusiastic diner had burst into a premature "Bravo!"

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. Just as Cora launched into the second verse, Margot burst through the girls round the door, rushed on to the platform and shouted: "Stop! You can't sing that song. It isn't his." She pointed with a trembling finger to the man at the piano.

There was a general movement of surprise amongst the tables. She heard one of the many young men near the platform say: "Gosh! One of the Red-Heads has gone Ga-Ga!" But Margot heeded nothing. She was glaring at the woman before her. Then she turned to the audience.

"A friend of mine wrote that song," she cried. "I have a copy of it with me. I can show it to anyone. This man is an imposter."

Cora Ray stared at her.

"Isn't that a dangerous thing to say?" she said coldly.

By this time the manager was on the platform, also some of the diners. There was going to be a scene. They wanted to get as near as possible.

"I must request everyone to return to their tables," the manager cried loudly. "And you, Miss Dane, return to the dressing room. I'll see you later."

Instant dismissal was clearly implied in every tone of his voice.

"I will not move," Margot cried, "till Miss Ray tells everyone that Billy Marsden wrote that song."

The manager had got hold of her arm and was trying to force her off the platform. Then a man she had not noticed before stepped up from all the surprised faces crowding round. Cora at once rushed up to him.

"You don't believe all this nonsense, do you? I swear Jack Reed wrote it. Jack . . . tell him about it." The man at the piano gave her no help. He seemed stunned by the proceedings.

The stranger ignored Cora and went to Margot, who was struggling against the manager.

"Have you that other copy here?" he asked kindly.

"You're spoiling my client's evening," the manager complained. "Please let Miss Ray continue her song."

"Rubbish! They're loving it," the strange man said.

Margot dashed in through the frightened girls, seized the song out of her case, and to the diners' excitement, reappeared with it and handed it to the man. He took it to the piano and compared the two songs, then he turned to the room where everyone was breathlessly waiting.

"Ladies and gentlemen: I feel that in justice to this young lady, who has so nobly tried to defend her friend's work, I must say that, in my opinion, the copy of this song which she has, is the original. It was written some months ago. The date is on the cover. But better than that . . . Miss Ray has not yet sung the last verse and refrain, but I find that they are identical in the script. This song could not have been written two days ago in the train by this gentleman here."

There were cries of "Shame!" In this fashionable restaurant, some even saw fit to throw table napkins and bread at the offenders. Matters might have grown uglier if the manager had not hustled Cora and her accompanist from the building. The orchestra was ordered to resume. White and shaking, they took up their instruments. All but Margot.

She was listening to her friend and rescuer in the little room.

"I've got one of the biggest music publishing businesses in the States," he was saying. "Sterberg. . . . You've heard of Sterberg? Well, Miss Ray told me about that song, and as I was in Chicago, I thought I would come along and hear how it went. In any case, I should have published it, because it's a good song. But now there is the biggest reason of all why I should publish it."

Margot stared at him bewildered.

"Why?" she stammered.

"Because through you it has had the finest advertisement it could ever have. We must get it out to the public before the scandal of Cora Ray and this scene to-night is cold in the papers. Gee! We've got the doings this time, young lady. Now tell me where to find your friend."

"I can't. I haven't seen him for months."

"Never mind. If he reads the papers, he'll soon turn up. Come and have some supper. I guess you're fired, anyway from this joint."

Margot laughed. Her first laugh in months.

"Winter Love" had a lot to answer for. It ruined Cora Ray's reputation; it became the rage in every home and theatre; it brought Billy back to Margot.

There is certainly a whole packet to be said for advertisement.

THE END.

GOOSEBERRY: an all too well known situation, posed in a shop window.

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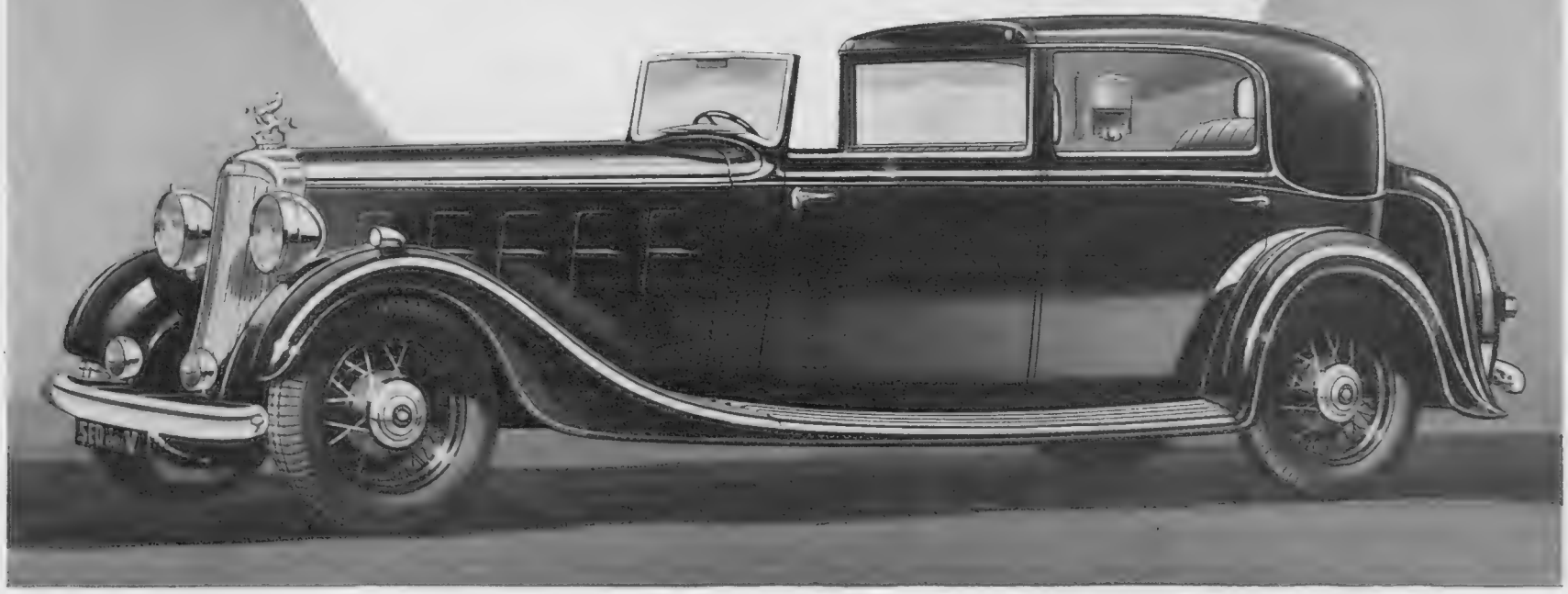

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A GOOD GIRL deserves GOOD DIAMONDS

By Christine Jope-Slade

(*Continued from page 42.*)

paste bracelet of excellent design. She tried it on. She felt sorry and wistful. Ralph could not afford it. It was charming of him and a charming thing.

Then she pulled down her glove and looked at the real diamond bracelet.

It was the first real thing she had ever owned in her life.

She adored it.

It seemed to give her courage and ambition, and firm, warm belief in her own potentialities.

Lip had not seen it yet. He had not seen her in her new model gown.

She felt herself ridiculously on the verge of some decisive triumph, some actual success.

It is a feeling that only comes to women once or twice in their lives, is born of desperate hopes and vagrant dreams, and is lovelier and headier than any actual achievement.

Elf was in the grip of it as she crossed the empty dance floor to where Lip sat, drawing small, sweet secret sounds from his violin. He played with shut eyes, and when he opened them she felt he framed her.

"Excited, Lip?"

"Mad."

He wore a gipsy coat. He had a gipsy face. His brown eyes laughed and shone insolently. His smile had a wicked sweetness.

"Listen! Elf! Here's the theme that breaks through all the time! I shall sing *her* song. I sing very badly. But I shall sing to reach her."

"Do you like my frock?"

"Haven't I seen it before?"

"No, I got it because I am to help her party. She is bringing three men. No other woman."

"One is her manager. You will be able to talk to them of me! That will be marvellous!!"

"Wish me a happy Christmas, Lip."

"Christmas! Ah. I had forgotten that too! A happy Christmas, my Little, and many of them."

"What did you do to-day?"

"I stayed in bed . . . for to-night."

"You didn't change your mind and come to mother and me."

"I had never any intention of coming, my darling."

But his smile was sweet and personal enough, and his face was a faun's face, eager and wild.

"Look, Lip. I had a present."

"Real?"

"No. Paste."

He shrugged. He dropped her hand.

"I like real things. Exciting things. Rich things. Things that make me squirm with pleasure! Not toy stones. Real jewels."

"These are real."

She held out her other wrist.

"Some rich old?"

"Yes."

He registered no emotion. No jealousy. He fingered the bauble with shining eyes.

"It's marvellous! It's beautiful! It's exquisite!! Let me wear it for to-night? A *porte bonheur!!* Yes, I feel superstitious about it!! Elf. Dear, *dear* Elf!! I get these feelings so rarely, and they are *always* right."

"But a man can't wear diamonds!"

"Who will see, under this fantastic coat. It will be part of my fantasticness, that is all; and it will bring me luck."

He implored! He was serious! He was agitated. He was beginning to work himself up, absurd, childish creature!!

The rest of his orchestra were appearing, struggling into their attractive, multi-coloured gipsy coats. They nodded to Elf casually. They wished her, a trifle ironically, "Happy Christmas" in various brands of English.

"To-night we will get divinely drunk because the patrons will donate champagne for the orchestra because it is Christmas Day."

"To-night I will shoot any member who accepts one glass!" thundered Lip Wanders.

He explained in quick, curt language with a touch of authority in it that the great singer, Regina Regis, who produced and financed her own operas all over the world, was coming to "The Painted Cupboard" to-night, and he was proposing to play selections from his own composition, the opera "Fireflies." And then, like any child, he explained that the one thing necessary to his success was the real diamond bracelet that had cost £1,200, and reposed at that moment on the wrist of the little English dance hostess.

Elf felt absurd, but it was so like Lip Wanders. He had one objective in life, and that was always immediately before him.

The eyes of Lip's orchestra, mostly brown and shining like licked brandy balls, gazed at her. Expressive shoulders shrugged.

"Lend it to him, Miss," said the biggest. "He's like that. *Un artiste. Un tempérament.*"

"But I mean it will look so silly on his wrist."

"But if he feels it will bring him luck. . . ."

"Oh, well."

She shrugged a very English shrug, and slipped the glittering chain off her wrist and handed it to Lip.

"It's sheer childish superstition, Lip, but if you feel it has got anything at all to do with the way you play to-night as the result of it—here you are, my dear."

He kissed her hands.

He fingered the chain. He was all childish joy and animation. She might, at that instant, have made him the present of the world.

His happiness made her happy. His excitement lit hers. She forgot, in his personal charm and magnetism, that it was a silly, charming gesture he had handed her.

The story spread. It amused the English waiters and the uniformed attendants upstairs. They mocked openly.

The story reached the reception clerk standing in immaculate evening dress behind his membership book.

Lip Wanders was playing to-night in a diamond bracelet that had been given to the English dancing partner!

He went very white, and his eyes were unbearably hurt. He shut them for a moment in sheer pain against the discreet glare of the little entrance foyer.

It was too crude. It was too ungenerous. It was too ugly and hurtful. He had saved and gone without cigarettes, even without necessities to purchase that perfect little French paste bracelet; and now it adorned the wrist of the only man he had ever really mistrusted and disliked and come near hating.

IV.

REGINA REGIS was there. She was in ice-blue satin, a queer, a moving colour. She looked incredibly young. Her eyes were blue, dark lashed, and over her lovely head rioted those exquisite, milky curls.

She was the most arresting woman in any room in any capital the world over. She stood out in "The Painted Cupboard" like a candle in a dark room. She accepted Elf, in her blue gown, after one swift, critical, patronising glance. But her eyes, from the very first, were for the flamboyant, magnificent figure of the leader of the gipsy orchestra.

Her eyes frankly coveted him. He was one of the handsomest men she had ever seen, a lovely, sulky animal of the type she understood.

She was a little bored, a little conscious of her years. And he was almost too good to be true.

If his music only came up to his appearance, then what emotional drama might not stretch before her! He could play, that was certain. He could play divinely.

Elf watched her. She thought her marvellous, the superb creature, unreal in her strange, snowy beauty. She wore only pearls. Pearls in her ears, and round her throat, and round her wrist.

"This," said Elf, "is a bit of Lip Wanders's opera. He is going to play selections from it now."

But Regina Regis was not even listening. Her eyes were fixed on Lip in complete fascination.

Her manager touched her on the arm.

He said, "But it is superb. There's you in that."

Lip was singing. He could not sing.

"That would be my song," said Regina Regis.

"It is the theme song that runs right through the opera," said Elf, always watching her.

She did not hear. She heard nothing. She saw nothing but the faun in his brilliant, gipsy coat, his eyes calling across the room to her, his voice calling across the room; his violin winding its song across the room.

"I will have that young man," she said. "Myers, we will have him over here presently and sign him up. If necessary, we'll buy him out from this. There is something of Verdi in his stuff, but it is different. What is the story of his opera? Tell me, girl."

So Elf told her. Tried to tell her carefully and delicately and interestingly.

She hardly listened. She saw herself as the central character and the rest of the story and the music swirled round her.

In the interval her manager went across to Lip, and Lip followed him to the great prima donna's table. He kissed her hand. They sat down.

Elf was called to another table. She had to leave them and dance with a cotton manufacturer from Manchester who had a grim saga that he poured into her unheeding ear.

She came back to a strange scene.

Regina and Lip were hypnotised with each other. They did not know that anyone else existed. They looked into each other's eyes and they spoke only of music. Music, and yet every word they said was fraught with personal messages, and every look was fraught with them.

He didn't even see Elf. He had completely forgotten her. He was like a young child, a puppy, in his complete forgetfulness of everything but the moment. And this was his moment. His supreme moment.

Suddenly Regina Regis touched his brown wrist with her long, milky fingers.

Elf staring, saw Lip shiver with delight.

"A diamond bracelet," she said. "Oh, but it is beautiful."

He slipped it off his wrist and clasped it round hers.

"I give it to you," he said. "I give it to the most beautiful woman in the whole world."

"Oh, but I couldn't!"

Her charming laughter thrilled, her eyes challenged.

"I insist. I insist!" he said.

She laid her face against it, touched it with her lips.

"But I shall wear it always," she said, "until I die."

Elf was speechless. She could only gasp. She had no words. Just as their emotional rhythm was beyond her ken, so was Lip's behaviour.

She knew, incredible as it seemed by her standards, that he had completely forgotten her and her ownership of the diamond bracelet. That it was worth £1,200 was as nothing. That it was not his property to give away was less.

He had made a gesture and the whole of his living at that moment was in that gesture. He was a child at the moment. She could not say, "You cannot give that away. It's mine." Something froze her till she felt sick.

The room thinned. The manager was sent for. He crouched at the prima donna's table with the others. He was heady with champagne and Regina Regis.

Regina would pay compensation for the month that Lip was due to play for "The Painted Cupboard." He was only on a monthly contract. The second violin had not his personality, but he could very well take his place, and with the money that Regina offered the manager could get a really good cabaret turn for the Christmas month.

Elf hovered in the background, sick and dismayed and somehow frightened at the ruthlessness of it.

At the end Regina Regis rose. She gathered round her an ice-blue velvet coat, neither white nor grey nor blue, bordered with white fox. She gathered this snow round her snowy head. Out of the fur peeped her beautiful, innocent face, her dark blue eyes.

"Come, Lip," she said. "Come."

And Lip went in his gipsy coat. And with him went the diamond bracelet that had cost £1,200.

Still dazed, twenty minutes later, Elf stood in the foyer in her thick tweed coat. She was shivering and she felt desperately ill.

The reception clerk stepped to her side.

"Lip's gone," she said. "He has gone with Regina Regis. They are going to do his opera together."

"I thought as much."

"He won't ever come back here."

"No, I don't suppose he will."

"I shan't ever see him again."

"No, my dear. I doubt if you will. He wasn't of our world anyway. Nor, thank God, were we of his."

He caught her wrist suddenly and stared at it. On it was the delicate little paste bracelet he had saved to give her, shining and gleaming frostily.

"They told me you had given him that," he said.

And suddenly she saw in his honest eyes, the reflection of her own sick pain, her own sick dismay.

She gave a little cry of reassurance, of comfort.

"Why, I wouldn't have given it away for worlds, my dear. Not for worlds!"

Her voice was low, urgent and more tender than she knew. And what she said was true. Not for worlds would she have inflicted on him the pain, the utter bewilderment, the baffling sense of loss, of loss of standards, of values, that Lip had inflicted on her.

She turned and clung to him suddenly.

"Take me away," she said. "Oh, God, I hate this place. I hate this place."

* * *

That night a she lay in bed with the plaid shawl round his aching shoulders, and a bowl of gruel by his bedside, Regina Regis came to her husband.

She wore a lilac silk dressing gown that trailed behind her and was bordered and ruffled with lilac swansdown. She looked like some strange, pale clematis.

"That was a great friend of yours," she said, and laughed the laughter he knew so well, with a little ripple of opulent triumph, of speculation, of avid curiosity in it.

"I'm glad, my dear."

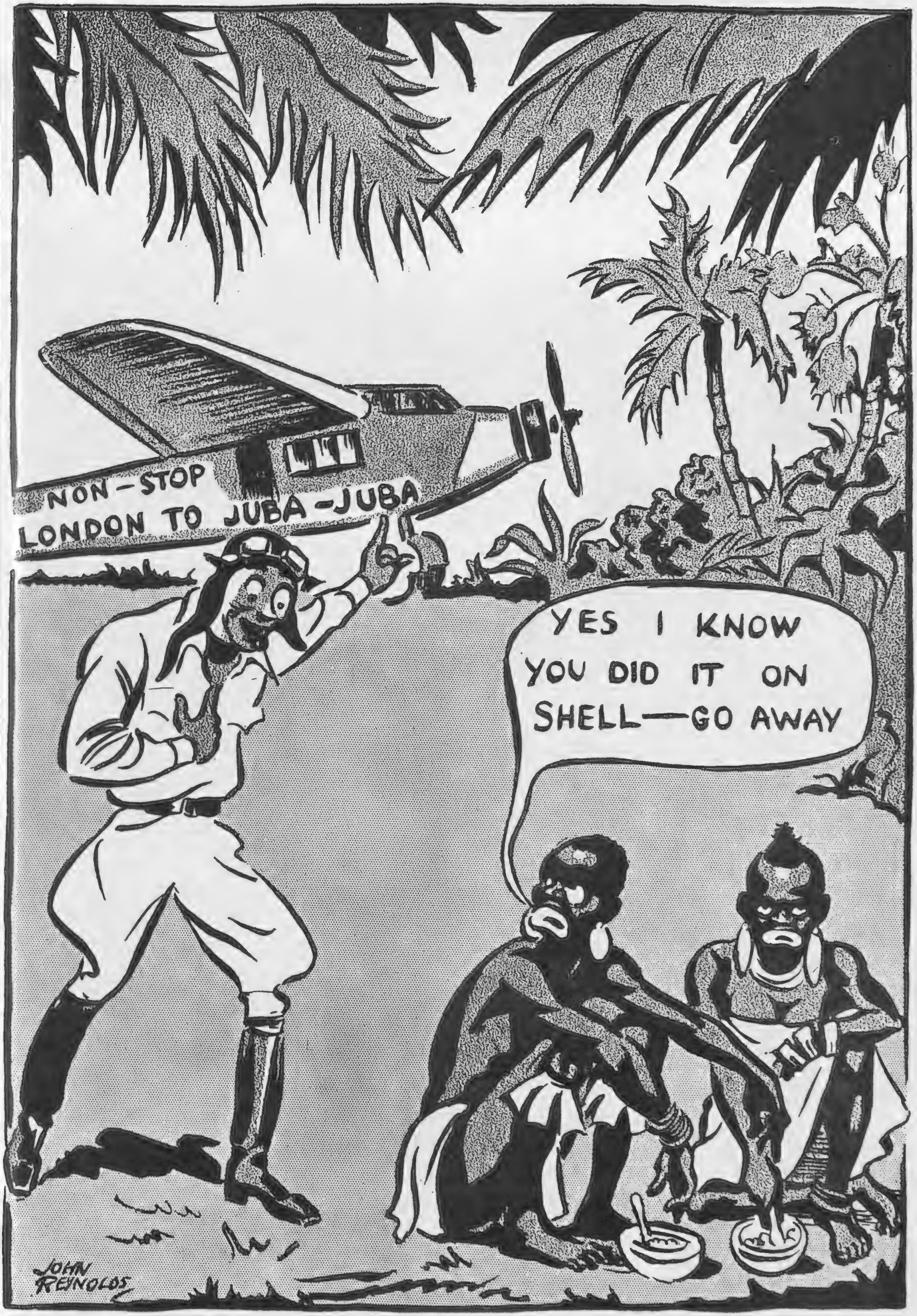
"A genius, I think. We have been playing his stuff for hours. He's been playing it to me. Did you hear it?"

"Bits of it. I slept on and off."

"He has the mad generosity of all artists. Look what he gave me. He wore it on his wrist to bring him luck with me. He told me so. He prizes it more than anything else in the world, and yet, without a thought, he gives it to me. A royal gift because it indicates a royal and reckless nature."

The old man took her charming hand. He looked at the bracelet and smiled the funniest little smile.

"Happy Christmas," he said.


NON-STOP
LONDON TO JUBA-JUBA
YES I KNOW
YOU DID IT ON
SHELL—GO AWAY
JOHN REYNOLDS

THRO' ENGLAND'S COUNTRYSIDE

(*Continued from page 38.*)

their inhumanity would carry them, I begged that they would only let me sleep on a bench, and merely give me house-room; adding, that if they would grant me that boon only, I would pay them the same as for a bed; for, that I was so tired, I could not possibly go any farther. Even in the moment that I was thus humbly soliciting this humble boon, they banged the door to full in my face.

But Dr. Moritz's luck was not altogether out. He meets an English clergyman on the road, and together they proceed to Oxford.

We went on, a few houses further, and then knocked at a door. It was then nearly twelve. They readily let us in; but how great was my astonishment, when, on our being shown into a room on the left, I saw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My travelling companion introduced me to them, as a German clergyman, whom he could not sufficiently praise, for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy and my good walking.

I now saw myself, in a moment as it were, all at once transported into the midst of a company, all apparently very respectable men, but all strangers to me. And it appeared to me extraordinary that I should, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there. . . .

Among these gentlemen, there was one of the name of *Clerk*, who seemed ambitious to pass for a great wit, which he attempted, by starting sundry objections to the Bible. I should have liked him better if he had confined himself to punning and playing on his own name, by telling us, again and again, that he should still be, at least, a *Clerk*, even though he should never become a *clergyman*. Upon the whole, however, he was, in his way, a man of some humour, and an agreeable companion.

Among other objections, to the Scriptures, he started this one to my travelling companion, whose name I now learnt was *Maud* (*n.*), that it was said, in the Bible, that God was a *wine-bibber*, and a *drunkard*. On this Mr. Maud fell into a violent passion, and maintained that it was utterly impossible that any such passage should be found in the Bible. Another Divine, a *Mr. Caern*, referred us to his absent brother, who had already been forty years in the church, and must certainly know something of such a passage, if it were in the Bible, but he would venture to lay any wager his brother knew nothing of it.

Waiter! fetch a Bible! called out Mr. Clerk, and a great family Bible was immediately brought in, and opened on the table, among all the beer jugs.

Mr. Clerk turned over a few leaves, and in the Book of Judges, 9th chapter, verse xiii, he read, "Should I leave my wine, which cheareth God and man?"

Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. A silence of some minutes prevailed, when, all at once, the spirit of revelation seemed to come on me, and I said, "Why, gentlemen, you must be sensible, that is but an allegorical expression": and I added, "how often, in the Bible, are Kings called Gods!"

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, it is an allegorical expression; nothing can be more clear; it is a metaphor, and therefore it is absurd to understand it in a literal sense. And now they, in their turn, triumphed over poor *Clerk*, and drank large draughts to my health. Mr. *Clerk*, however, had not yet exhausted his quiver; and so he desired them to explain to him a passage in the Prophecy of Isaiah, where it is said, in express terms, that *God is a barber*. Mr. Maud was so enraged at this, that he called *Clerk* an impudent fellow; and Mr. *Caern* again still more earnestly referred us to his brother, who had been forty years in the church; and who, therefore, he doubted not, would also consider Mr. Clerk as an impudent fellow, if he maintained any such abominable notions. Mr. Clerk, all this while, sat perfectly composed, without either a smile or a frown; but turning to a passage in Isaiah, chapter vii, v. 20, he read these words:—"In the same day, the Lord shall shave with a razor—the head, and the hair of the feet; and it shall also consume the beard."

The pastor woke the next morning with a very bad head, to discover eventually that he had slept the night at the Mitre.

A PILGRIMAGE to BATH

(*Continued from page 24.*)

In Queen's Square, where the whole company promenades in full morning dress after bathing, we indulge the pleasure of choosing which of the entertainments to patronise the following evening. The splendour of the clothes is very good to see, and Arabella quizzed them eagerly to see how she would compare. "I must buy a kerchief like that. I must have my hat trimmed so. My skirt is not full enough, I think. She has the same coloured coat as I. My gloves are not the latest, I see," and thus she promised herself a visit to the milliner.

Every few yards was some new acquaintance eager for us to join their party for the evening. Sir Peter craved the privilege of teaching us E. and O. Mrs. De Florens begged us ensure the success of her party by spending the evening with her. Would we not join Lord and Lady Cardington to the dance at the Assembly Rooms, as Mr. Nash had expressed the wish to see the elegant guests who arrived yesterday.

For fear of offending other hosts, we left the parade, to escape to the booksellers, Arabella to visit her milliner.

The booksellers are the chief centres for the exchange of news. There are books to buy, newspapers to be read, letters to collect and opinions to compare. Pinned on a board before an enthralled crowd of readers are displayed the latest lampoons. It seems the Countess of Stomberg is already interpreted in verse. There is a hum of mingled astonishment and approval. Standing far back is old humpbacked Dr. Magnus with his sour grinning eyes watching the effect of his lines. In a corner a group of gouty old wits are reading over some later rhymes, chuckling and arguing as to which should be displayed.

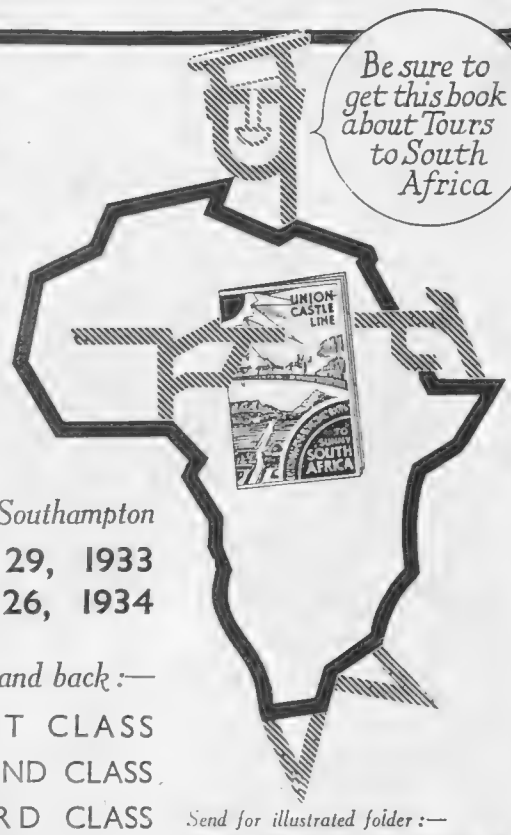
Arabella having elected to dance, if but to please Mr. Nash, we dined with Lord and Lady Cardington, arriving at the Assembly Rooms at six of the clock. Nash appeared in his full glory as Master of the Ceremonies clad in a dazzling suit of gold lace and his white hat. The evening was conducted with the utmost ceremony in every detail, and the Beau's politeness and conviviality infected the whole company.

Sir Peter greeted us and we could not resist his enthusiasm for E. and O. The tables were already crowded, but he found us places where we could see the wheel to good advantage. He insisted on paying Arabella's first stake, and by following his instructions she was soon receiving the congratulations of those around her on winning her first game. Sir Peter becoming engrossed in Arabella's progress, I attended to my own game, trying if I could not observe some system to succeed by.

Although the gaming starts as an evening's amusement, it soon carries the company away into a world of excitement and speculation. Indeed none of the niceties of behaviour seem to maintain at the tables. Ladies and chambermaids, baronets and lacqueys forget everything but the spinning wheel of fate, elbowing each other regardlessly, intent on the progress of the game. At such times Nash, though he plays often and stakes liberally, seems ill at ease, and will frequently intervene if advantage should be taken of those with more money than sense.

Having already lost more money than I intended to play, I withdrew to see what fortune Arabella had made. From the sparkle of her eyes, which flashed whenever I looked her way, and from the ringing laughter that came to my ears, she must have won a deal, I thought. But when I came to her I found that luck had changed. At one time she had trebled her capital, but now she had only half and was losing every turn. The rooms were growing hot. The winners were growing loud and boastful, the losers growing irritable. "Let us go home," said Arabella, rising and holding out her arms for her shawl.

In the darkness of our coach we mused on the vanity of money and agreed that a hundred thousand pounds would not make us more comfortable than the coach, from which some minutes later I had to lift Arabella—fast asleep.



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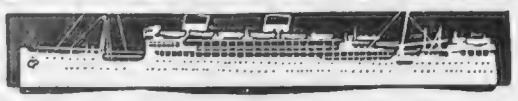

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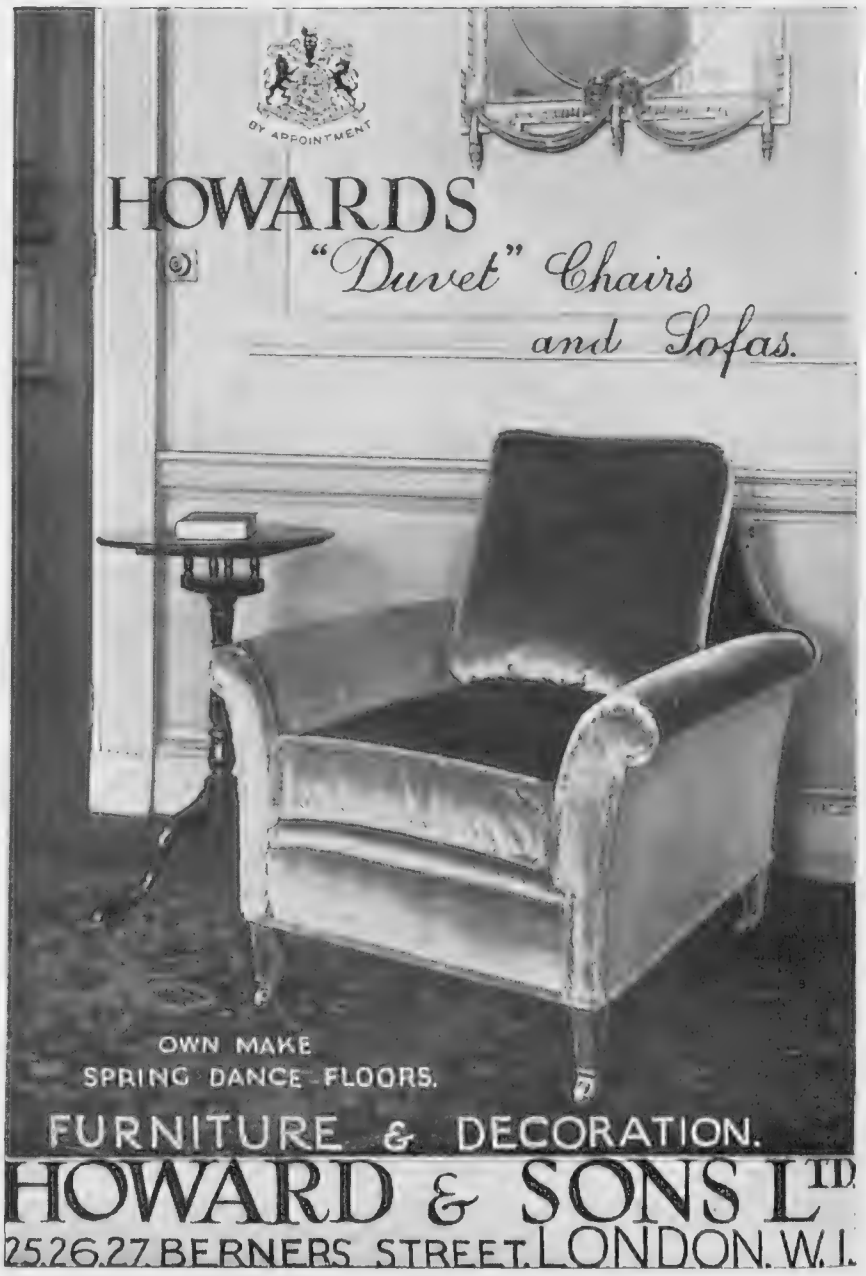

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Some good causes which will appeal to our readers at this festive time

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There are to-day no fewer than 8,500 boys, girls and babies for whom this very important charity is providing, and every day 25,000 meals have to be prepared for them. It is the boast of the Homes that they never turn away deserving cases.

At this season of the year all the children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes are eagerly looking to the advent of Father Christmas and each child is hoping to receive some little gift. For the sum of ten shillings you can provide a whole fortnight's happiness for one little mite at the Christmas season. Any parcels of night and day wear, warm stockings and overcoats for boys and girls, and baby clothes for the infants, will be most gratefully received.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Will you think of this ?

Letters and parcels should be addressed :

Dr. Barnardo's Homes,
18–26, Stepney Causeway,
London, E.1.

* *

SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP.

£10,000 ARE still needed before the cost of fitting out the new "Arethusa" can be fully met. It is a lot of money, but the work has simply got to be carried on. As a sea-loving nation, and a nation that is so dependent on its maritime strength, we must all feel some responsibility for the training of those boys who are to be the nation's sailors of the future, both in the Royal Navy and in the Mercantile Marine. The old "Arethusa" was condemned by the Admiralty as worn out and unfit for further service. In its time it trained 12,650 boys in a great tradition. For the sake of maintaining that tradition, and for the sake of the splendid young material for whom such a vocation as this means real fulfilment, the Society makes a special appeal this Christmas. All donations to the Shaftesbury Homes and the "Arethusa" Training Ship should be sent to the Secretary, at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

* *

CANCER HOSPITAL.

IN your Christmas almsgiving concentrate on the most deserving objects. Discriminate. A charity bestowed wisely is a charity doubled. Give where you can be sure your money will benefit. The Cancer Hospital (free) is a case in point. Cancer is a terrible disease, terribly widespread. By helping this hospital one is arming Science in the war against cancer, which it will one day win. Research and experiment go on there constantly, and the noblest work is done free in alleviating suffering. It employs the cleverest brains, the most modern apparatus. Its X-ray and radiological departments cost thousands. Always, therefore, it needs money. At the present time there is a bank overdraft of £40,000 which must be paid off. But when the secret of cancer has been tracked down, how gloriously the money will have been used !

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AMONG the many good causes that claim your sympathy, do not forget the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution. The newsagency trade is one in which temporary misfortune, unless help is forthcoming at the moment when it is most needed, may lead to despair and hopelessness. It is worth doing something to save people from that, even if you don't know them. The "Old Ben" has assisted thousands of people who have been or are engaged in the publishing and distribution of newspapers, magazines and periodicals, and it is to be hoped that it will be able to assist the thousands more who may yet need its aid. But it is entirely dependent on the voluntary contributions of members, honorary members and the general public. The annual subscription is five shillings; life membership costs three guineas. Join if you can—but in any case, give what you can, in the knowledge that your contribution, however small, will do something to relieve real want.

* *

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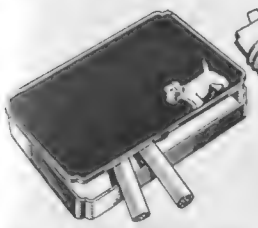

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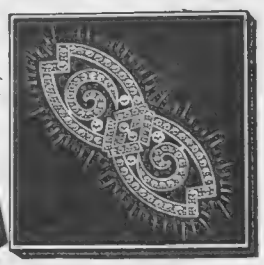

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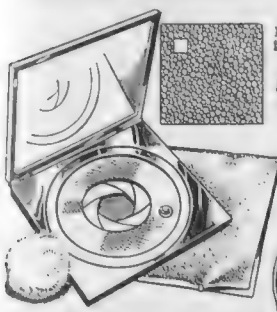

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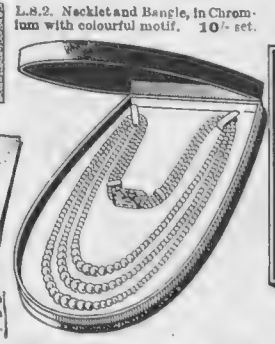

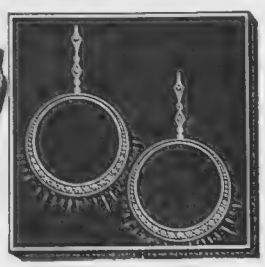

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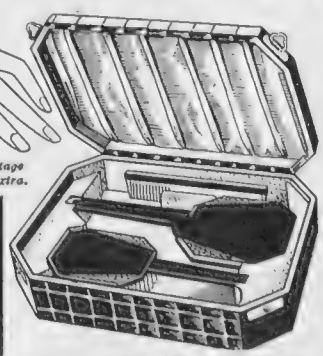

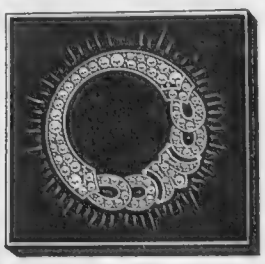

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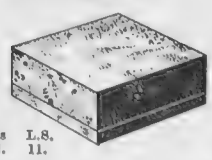

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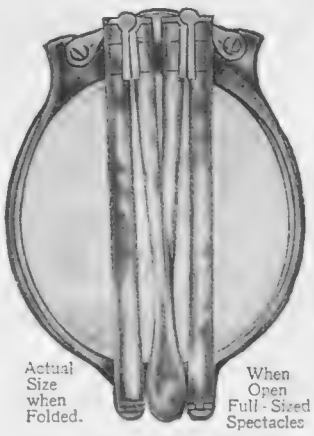

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